

MISCELLANIES,

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

COLLECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

FOR THE

USE OF SCHOOLS,

AND IMPROVEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES:

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

" 'Tis Education forms the common Mind;

" Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd."

POPE.

PHILADELPHIA PRINTED:



P R E F A C E.

THE right education of youth, being a point of great importance to the present and succeeding generations, it is to be regretted, that the want of proper books for the use of schools, should have been so general a subject of complaint; and that very few attempts have been made to supply this deficiency, by introducing something on such a plan, as might, besides improving the understandings and morals, instructively amuse the vacant hours of young people, and have a tendency to render the task of teaching, a more agreeable employment.

WITH a view to these objects, the following Miscellaneous Compilation is now offered to the publick. Most of the extracts which compose it, were collected some years ago, from a variety of authors, by a person who had no other intention at the time, but that of preserving them for her own perusal and amusement; and who, from motives wholly disinterested, has lately, at the request of her friends, consented to their publication, with a hope, that if they are favourably received, it may prove an incitement to some person of greater abilities, to pursue this or a better plan, whereby our schools may be furnished with a book more deserving their acceptance.

It gives some concern to the compiler, that she neglected to distinguish the different parts, with the names of their authors, at the time they were selected, as it is not now in her power to supply the omission.

P R E F A C E.

THE Editor has thought it necessary to remark, that a few verbal alterations have been made in some of the extracts, the better to adapt them to the use of the present design; but as the sentiments and tenor of the original pieces are not thereby materially changed, it is hoped this freedom will be excused by their respective authors, to whom not the least injury or offence has been intended.

THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most approved judges of books amongst us, after perusing some parts of the manuscript, has expressed his approbation thereof as follows :

“ I HAVE read, with much pleasure, the manuscript
“ specimen communicated to me of the Miscellanies in
“ Prose and Verse. I am glad to hear they are now or-
“ dered for the press.

“ A BOOK, containing so many well chosen senti-
“ ments, and excellent instructions, put into the hands
“ of our children, cannot but be highly useful to the
“ rising generation.

B. FRANKLIN.”

PHILADELPHIA.



A MORNING

MISCELLANIES.

A MORNING HYMN.

TO thee, let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his glad'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
What numbers with heart-piercing sighs
Have past this tedious night!
What numbers too have clos'd their eyes,
No more to see the light!
Sound was my sleep, my dreams were gay:
How short such time review'd?
My night stole unperceiv'd away;
I'm like the day renew'd.
This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh;
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.
If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.
Affliction, should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
Thus from my fix'd or varying fate,
Some virtue let me gain,
That Heaven, nor high, nor low estate,
When sent, may send in vain.

A

Be

Be this, and ev'ry future day
 Still wiser than the past,
 That life's improvement to survey
 May well sustain my last.

THE duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties or meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness.

TO love an enemy, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man, but of God. It could be delivered as a precept, only by him who lived and died to establish it by his example.

IF thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness, which is the foretaste of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

RECREATION after business is allowable; but he that follows his pleasure instead of his business, shall in a little time have no business to follow.

R E S I G N A T I O N .

THOU Pow'r Supreme, by whose command I live,
 The grateful tribute of my praise receive;
 To thy indulgence, I my being owe,
 And all the joys which from that being flow.
 Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling year,
 And run their destin'd courses round the sphere,
 Since thou my undistinguish'd form survey'd,
 Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid.
 Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
 The straggling parts in beauteous order join'd;
 With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
 And stamp't thy sacred image on my soul;

A soul,



A soul, susceptible of endless joy !
 Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er destroy,
 But shall subsist, when nature claims my breath,
 And bid defiance to the power of death,
 To realms of bliss, with active freedom soar;
 And live when earth and hell shall be no more.
 Indulgent God, in vain my tongue assays,
 For this immortal gift to speak thy praise.
 How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
 When all the energy of words must fail ?
 Oh ! may its influence in my life appear,
 And every action, prove my thanks sincere.
 Grant me, great God ! a heart to thee inclin'd,
 Increase my faith, and rectify my mind ;
 Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
 And to thy service consecrate my days ;
 Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I stray,
 Be thou the guiding-star to mark my way ;
 Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
 And point their motions to the paths of truth.
 Protect me by thy providential care,
 And teach my soul t'avoid the tempter's snare.
 Thro' all the various scenes of human life,
 In calms of ease, or blustering storms of strife,
 Thro' every turn of this inconstant state,
 Preserve my temper, equal and sedate.
 Give me a mind that bravely does despise,
 The low designs of artifice and lies.
 Be my religion, such as taught by thee,
 Alike from pride and superstition free.
 Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
 Confirm my reason, and my passions still.
 To gain thy favour be my only end,
 And to that scope may every action tend.
 Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
 Whose flatt'ring charms too oft the mind elate,
 Still may I think to whom these joys I owe,
 And bless the bounteous hand from whence they flow :
 Or if an adverse fortune be my share,
 Let not its terrors tempt me to despair,

But bravely arm'd, a steady faith maintain,
 And own all best which thy decrees ordain ;
 On thy Almighty Providence depend,
 The best protector, and the surest friend.
 Thus on life's stage may I my part maintain,
 And at my exit thy applauses gain ;
 When thy pale herald summons me away,
 Support me in that great catastrophe ;
 In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
 And take my soul, expiring, to thy arms.

“ BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for their's is
 “ the kingdom of Heaven.”—Thus our blessed Saviour
 opened his sermon on the mount ; and from his example
 we may be assured that humility is the richest garb that
 the soul can wear. By this word is to be understood, not
 an abject poorness of spirit, that would stoop to do a
 mean thing ; but such an humble sense of human nature,
 as sets the heart and affections right towards God, and
 gives us every temper that is tender and affectionate to-
 wards our fellow-creatures. This is the soil of all vir-
 tues, where every thing that is good and lovely grows.

DESPISE not labour ; if you do not want it for food,
 you may for physick : It strengthens the body, invigorates
 the mind, and prevents the ill consequences of idleness.

OBSERVE the ant, for she instructs the man,
 And preaches labour, gath'ring all she can,
 Then brings it to increase her heap at home,
 Against the winter which she knows will come ;
 And when that comes, she creeps abroad no more,
 But lies at home, and feasts upon her store.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

WHILE night, in solemn shade, invests the pole,
 And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul ;
 While reason, undisturb'd, asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away—

To

To thee, all-conscious Presence ! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.
 Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.
 If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's paths has stray'd,
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford !
 Its utmost boast, a vain, unmeaning word.

But, ah ! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve !
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore !
 Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care,
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.
 With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But, oh ! thy softer titles let me claim.
 And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name—
 Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horror of despair ;
 From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
 All-pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey,
 Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile, inconstant heart.
 Shall every high resolve devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names ?
 Oh ! rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,

Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb ;
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose ;
 Then when the great archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

PRIDE hides a man's faults from himself, and magnifies them to others.

" THERE is nothing (says Plato) so delightful, as the hearing or speaking of truth." For this reason, there is no conversation so agreeable, as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and fits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. Whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack ; and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.

MORAL virtues themselves, without religion, are but cold, lifeless and insipid. It is religion only which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the most sublime ideas, and warms the soul more than sensual pleasures.

BY reading we enjoy the dead, by conversation the living, and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment.

THE commands of Heaven (in the observance of which religion principally consists) are very plain and obvious to the meanest understanding, and are nothing else but exhortations to love, and directions for social happiness.

GREAT

G R E A T is the steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

W I S D O M's an evenness of mind and soul,
A steady temper which no cares controul ;
No passions ruffle, no desires inflame ;
Still constant to itself, and still the same.

A C C O M P L I S H M E N T S by Heaven were first design'd,
Less to adorn, than to amend, the mind.
Each should contribute to this gen'ral end,
And all to virtue as their centre tend.
Th' acquirements which our best esteem invite,
Should not project, but soften, mix, unite ;
In glaring light not strongly be display'd,
But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

A S the gay flowers which nature yields
So various on the vernal fields,
Delight the fancy more than those
The garden gives to view in equal rows ;
As the pure stream, whose mazy train,
The prattling pebbles check in vain,
Gives native pleasure, while it leads
Its random waters swiftly thro' the meads ;
As birds on boughs, in early spring,
Their wood-notes-wild near rivers sing,
Grateful their warbling strains repeat,
And sooth the ear irregularly sweet ;
So simple dress and native grace,
Will best become the lovely face :
For the judicious man suspects
In artful ornaments conceal'd defects.

M O S T of the miseries of life, undoubtedly result
from our straying from the path which leads to content.

F R I E N D.

FRIENDSHIP delights in equal fellowship,
Where purity of rank, and mutual offices,
Engage both sides alike, and keep the balance even.
'Tis irksome to a gen'rous grateful heart,
To be oppress'd beneath a load of favours ;
Still to receive and run in debt with friendship,
Without the power of paying something back.

N E V E R say any thing directly tending to your own praise ; nor when you have done or said any thing that deserves it, receive it from others with indifference. Be neither too covetous of it, nor appear displeased or confused at receiving it : but when you have done any thing worthy of praise, suffer yourself to be told of it, without refusing those who are doing you justice. In your private thoughts divest yourself of it, and return it to God, as the giver of the gift, and the bleaser of the action. Give him unfeigned thanks, for making you an instrument of his glory, for the benefit of others.

T H E advice of Pythagoras is, that as the body is no more than the servant of the soul, it should only be nourished so as it may best perform an humble and obedient service to it.

T H E duties that are owing to friends are integrity, love, counsel, and assistance. It is not intimacy and frequency of conversation, that makes a friend, but a disinterested observance of these duties.

T H E R E is no manner of life so strait, or miserable, that hath not some solace and consolation. Jonah had leisure to make his prayer unto God, even in the belly of the whale, and was heard.

I T is some short refreshment to friends and relations, to see and hear from one another ; but it passeth away, and we have here no continuing city, no abiding delights in this world ; our rest remains elsewhere. Those we have, lose much of their sweetness, from the thoughts of parting with them, even while we enjoy them ; but the happiness to come is eternal.

B E

B E very careful in your promises, and just in your performances, and remember it is better to do, and not promise, than promise, and not perform.

N E V E R do any thing for your friends, that is not consonant to your honour and your conscience; you ought always to prefer those to your friends.

————— **W I T H** stealing foot,
Time follows mortals; overtakes the swift;
Stops the career of youth, and clogs the wheels
Of trembling age; and to one common doom
Brings kings and peasants, conquerors and slaves.

R E L I G I O N's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid.
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the fight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder, what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those, who come to bring relief:
We gaze, and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

We need not travel, seeking ways to bliss,
He that desires contentment cannot miss;
No garden-walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in every desert place.

T H E varying seasons ev'ry virtuous soul
With various pleasures, in their changes bless;
Raise cheerful hopes, and anxious fears controul,
And form a paradise of inward peace.

W H E N constant faith, and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy,
Then thou, more happy pow'r, fair charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt

Shalt still survive——

Shalt stand before the throne of Heaven confess,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

D E A T H seems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miseries of human life ; but into courts and the seats of grandeur, with insult and terror. To languish under a gilded canopy, to expire on soft and downy pillows, and give up the ghost in state, has a more gloomy aspect, than, at the call of nature, to expire on a grassy turf, and resign the breathless clay back to its proper element. What does a crowd of friends or flatterers signify in that important hour, to the most glorious mortal ? Which of his numerous attendants would stand the arrest of death, descend into the silent prison of the grave for him, or answer the summons of the supreme tribunal ?

B E A U T Y is a short-lived flower, which is easily withered. A cultivated mind is a treasure, which increases every moment ; it is a rich soil, which brings forth an hundred fold.

A P E R S O N never appears so ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by those he affects to have. He gains more by being contented to be seen as he is, than by attempting to appear what he is not.

T R U E greatness of soul pays itself, as it were, with its own hands, by the satisfaction of doing good.

P E O P L E may talk like good Christians at their ease ; but pretty sentences, and formal speeches, are very trifling remedies to a real and unaffected sorrow.

T H A T little incendiary, called the tongue, is more venomous than a poisoned arrow ; and more killing than a two-edged sword.

H O W

HOW few there are, that can be freely kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind !
Hence some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, lose the friend.

KNOW that wherever love and virtue guide,
They lead us to the state of heav'nly bliss,
Where joys unknown to guilt and shame preside,
And pleasures, unallay'd, each hour increase.

THE princely pine, on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds long brav'd at last assaulted,
Is head-long whirl'd in dust to lie ;
Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale.

IMITATION of the 126th P S A L M.

1

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2

The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thine hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung, Surprizing grace !

3

Great is thy work, my neighbours cry'd
And own'd the pow'r divine ;
Great is the work, my heart reply'd,
And be the glory thine !

4

The Lord can change the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night;
 Make floods of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

5

Let those that sow in sadness wait,
 'Till the fair harvest come;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

A MIND formed upon the principles of the gospel, may look down with contempt upon the lustre of a throne, and yet know the value, and feel a sense of gratitude, in the possession of a crumb. The most exalted situation in the present life is exposed, yea, probably most exposed, to the fascinating allurements of temptation; and whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it. The rich and the poor have their hours of sorrow, and their intervals of joy; neither poverty nor wealth exempt them from feeling the common calamities of life, nor confer that happiness we so eagerly pursue, but which we must not experience, till our race is finished, and our work done.

WHAT in this life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 Where none his tiresome self can shun?
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail:
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Outrun the doe, outfly the wind.

INDUSTRY

INDUSTRY is needful in every condition of life: we cannot, without it, act in any state to the benefit or satisfaction of others, or to our own advantage and comfort. It is requisite for procuring ease and satisfaction to the mind, and, if attended with a good conscience, sweetens our enjoyments, and seasons our attainments; and is a guard to innocence, and a bar to temptation.

A PERSON under the influence and temper of the gospel, will say with gratitude and joy, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. In the most trying circumstances, I have a sure and certain promise, that my bread shall be given, and my water shall be sure; and if I am not favoured with all the elegancies of life, yet I am confident that the God whom I serve, will afford me such temporary supplies, as shall be most conducive to my own happiness and his glory."

TRUE religion will shew its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates to the most distant boughs.

ACTION keeps the soul in constant health, but idleness corrupts and rusts the mind; for a man of great abilities may by negligence and idleness become so useless, as to be an incumbrance to society, and a burthen to himself.

HE is the most worthy of possessing riches, who knows best how to do without them.

KEEP no company with a man who is given to detraction; to hear him patiently, is to partake of his guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that vice, which all good men shun him for.

THOU shalt not curse the deaf, Lev. xix. 14. Those that are absent are deaf; they cannot right themselves, and therefore say no ill of them.

HAPPY are those who can see the beauty of virtue! —Is it possible to see her, without loving her? Is it possible to love her, without being happy?

B

Seeking

Seeking for HAPPINESS.

NOT all that parent earth can give,
 Can make her children ever live ;
 Nor yet afford them happiness—
 For creatures ne'er can truly blest.

If what we drink, and what we eat,
 Can never make our bliss complete—
 To rich variety of food,
 And gay attire, and ev'ry good,
 Give honour, titles, pomp and fame,
 With ev'ry blessing we can name ;
 Give pleasure, profit, knowledge, ease,
 Whatever can instruct or please ;
 Authority—a vast estate,
 With all that maketh rich and great ;
 Yet these could never constitute
 A man much happier than a brute :
 For while our wretched passions reign,
 Felicity is sought in vain.

Where then shall happiness be found ?
 That lovely, pleasing, joyous sound,
 Great source of bliss ! vouchsafe to shew,
 How I this pearl of price may know.

If grateful souls—if souls resign'd
 To thy blest will, this treasure find,
 To me, great God ! do thou impart,
 A thankful and contented heart.
 Drive far away all diffidence,
 And give me, Lord ! true confidence,
 In thy unerring Providence.
 Let all my vices be subdu'd,
 Replace them, Lord, with gratitude !
 My every want do thou redress,
 Give me, oh give me, happiness !

RELIGION, the balm of life, the anchor of hope,
 the dispeller of fears, the haven of rest, will carry us into
 the arms of him, who is mighty to save from every
 trouble.

trouble. Defended by his shield, though afflictions spring not out of the dust, they shall not hurt us; supported by his power, though the mighty rage, they shall not prevail against us; guided by his wisdom, though snares and evils encompass our paths, we shall escape them all. In vain may be our toil for riches to secure us; but our trust in him will never be in vain. The arrows of affliction may reach the very pinnacle of greatness, and cares and terrors climb up to us, however high we may place ourselves; but he is a tower of defence, a place of safety, a rock of salvation. O then! amidst all the storms and tumults of the world, give ear to that voice which speaketh peace, and says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest to your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

VIRTUE has secret charms which all men love;
And those that do not choose her, yet approve.

TRUE happiness—man's gen'ral aim and end,
The point of rest to which our wishes tend,
To no externals ever was assign'd,
But fix'd the portion of a steady mind;
A steady mind, that no desires inflame,
Still constant to itself, and still the same;
The same when fortune blows an adverse gale;
The same when on a throne or in a jail:
A mind that can each mad excess controul,
Subdue the passions, and direct the soul;
That, summon'd, cheerfully resigns her breath,
Nor trembles, anxious, at th' approach of death.

Epitaph upon EPICTETUS, the Stoic Philosopher.

"EPICTETUS, who lies here, was a slave and
"a cripple; poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the
"favourite of Heaven."

In this distich is comprized the noblest panegyric, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of Heaven, amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery. Slavery has been found so destructive to virtue, that, in some languages, a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real virtue; since Epictetus the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of Heaven.

Occasioned by a Recovery from a tedious Illness.

FATHER Divine, Eternal One !
 While Heav'n pure homage pays,
 From this dark point, beneath the sun,
 Accept a mortal's praise.
 Yet what's the praise my breath can give ;
 What's all that I can say,
 But that the God in whom I live
 Has giv'n me health to-day ?
 The theme my voice in vain assays,
 Then let my life pursue ;
 Let what I am, record thy praise,
 Express'd in what I do.
 Thee more than all—and, as myself,
 Oh teach me man to love :
 Be this my fame, my glory, wealth,
 My bliss below—above !
 Nor let my love to man be vain,
 My love to God be blind ;
 Of thee some knowledge let me gain,
 Some blessing give mankind.
 Through ev'ry change my life may know,
 My ebbing, flowing tides,
 Firm be my faith, that all below,
 Love, join'd with wisdom, guides.
 That e'en thy justice tends to bless,
 Though little understood ;

That

That partial evils love exprefs,
 And work the gen'ral good.
 But frail alas ! this mortal clay,
 This reasoning mind how frail !
 Let strength be equal to my day,
 Nor heighth nor depth prevail.
 When o'er my roof affliction low'rs
 Sustain my sinking heart ;
 In all my gay, unguarded hours
 Oh keep my better part !
 And when this tott'ring fabric falls
 Assist my soul to soar,
 Where full possession never palls,
 To know and love thee more.

THE use of learning is not to procure popular applause, or excite vain admiration ; but to make the possessor more virtuous and useful to society, and his virtue a more conspicuous example to those that are illiterate.

WHAT exalted mortal, in the last hour of life, would not resign all the advantages of greatness and power, for a few moments of leisure and obscurity ?

IF there is any happiness below the stars, it consists in a freedom from the hurry and censure of the world, where the mind may devote all its bright and serene intervals to Heaven.

THE course of human things is all decreed,
 With each minutest circumstance, above :
 No fickle chance, no blind contingencies,
 No unforeseen events arise, to cross
 The purposes divine. —————

“ Hope travels through,” — POPE.

THE sweet deceiver, hope, destroys,
By airy visions, real joys.
Each future scene, by her array'd
In brightness, makes the present fade.
All the long day we wish for night,
Then sigh for the return of light;
Through gloomy winter's reign we mourn,
'Till pleasure-pinion'd spring's return.
But here, with joyless feet, we tread
The verdant lawn, or painted mead,
'Till summer comes — yet e'en from this
Enjoyment's fled — the promis'd bliss
Is now postpon'd, 'till autumn shews
Her golden fields, and loaded boughs;
Hither we press — but vain the chase!
The phantom flies with equal pace.
Now winter charms — again it comes,
And her still tasteless reign resumes.
The trav'ler thus thick mists enclose,
But seem to fly where'er he goes.

HE is no fool, who parts with that which he cannot keep, when he is sure to be recompensed with that which he cannot lose.

THE pursuit of glory and happiness in another life, by every means of improving and exalting our own minds, becomes more and more interesting to us, the nearer we draw to the end of all sublunary enjoyments.

AS that God, whom we all adore, is a God of peace and concord, there ought to be a sacred harmony between all that profess and believe in the same Saviour.

THEY must certainly be persons of narrow and mean conceptions, who (though under the mask of superficial greatness of spirit) cannot raise their little ideas above pleasures familiar to their senses.

BUT

BUT the main stress of all our cares must lie,
 To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye :
 To mark the working mind when passion's course
 Begins to swell, and reason still has force ;
 Or if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
 Observe the moments when they first subside.
 For he who hopes a victory to win
 O'er other men, must with himself begin,
 Else, like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
 He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast.

ARISE, my soul, survey the morn,
 And purple beauties of the dawn,
 In order as they shine ;
 The herbs that with the dew-drops glow,
 The grass, the shrubs, the flow'rets shew
 Their Maker all divine !
 Hark how the warbling feather'd throng
 Now tune their soft melodious song,
 From ev'ry leafy spray.
 The black-bird here with mellow throat,
 And there the thrush with softer note,
 In concert pour the lay.
 Do thou my soul responsive join,
 Ambitious of a theme divine,
 And sing thy Maker's praise :
 Unnumber'd objects he supplies,
 For contemplation's wandering eyes,
 And all the Muse's lays.

FRIENDSHIP's a pure, a Heav'n-descended flame,
 Worthy the happy region whence it came ;
 The sacred tie, that virtuous spirits binds,
 'The golden chain that links immortal minds.

WE should never be over eager for any thing, either
 in our pursuits or our prayers, lest what we endeavour,
 or ask too violently, for our interest, should be granted
 us by Providence only in order to our ruin.

Concluding

Concluding Stanzas of an Elegy on the Death of a
Sister.

BUT lo ! to give th' unhappy mourners ease,
From pale affliction's eye to wipe the tear ;
To bid the plaintive voice of sorrow cease,
Behold religion's heav'nly form appear.
" Attend," she cries, " poor mortal ! grieve no more,
" No more lament thy dear departed friends ;
" Their souls are wafted to a happier shore,
" Where ev'ry sorrow, ev'ry trouble ends.
" Follow my steps, and soon you'll meet again,
" Will meet in yonder blissful realms above ;
" For ever there to join the seraph's strain,
" And sing the wonders of redeeming love.

NONE but the Almighty Author of our beings, who knows our inmost thoughts and desires, and from whom no secrets are hid, can see into futurity ; and he only knows what is best and most proper for us. If we cheerfully rely on his all-wise Providence, and confidently trust in his powerful protection, we may rest ourselves assured, that he, who is our truest friend, will guard and secure us from the many evils and dangers, which every where surround us. He will guide and direct the future events of our lives in such a manner, as will prove, by happy experience, to be the most conducive to our own good, and the most consistent with the scheme of our own happiness, both here and hereafter.

AS some fair vi'let, loveliest of the glade,
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws its modest head from publick sight,
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light ;
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,
And bear its beauties from its native wood,
Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,
Its form decays, and all its odours die.

So woman born to dignify retreat;
 Unknown to flourish, and, unseen, be great;
 To give domestick life its sweetest charm;
 With softness polish, and with virtue warm;
 Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
 Should seek but Heaven's applauses, and her own;
 No censures dread, but those which crimes impart,
 The censures of a self-condemning heart.
 With angel kindness should behold distress,
 And meekly pity, where she can't redress.
 Like beaming mercy wipe affliction's tear,
 But to herself, not justice so severe.
 Her passions all corrected or subdu'd
 But one—the virtuous thirst of doing good.
 This great ambition still she calls her own,
 This best ambition makes her breast its throne.

HAIL, Power Eternal, infinite, immense,
 Creator and Redeemer, Lord of life,
 All good, all wise, all perfect, all divine!
 Increase my ardour, elevate my soul,
 And draw me from this idle, useless world,
 To better thoughts—the thoughts of that to come!
 Let me not beg of blessings from thy hand,
 But for increase of virtue. Gracious pour
 Thy Holy Spirit on my soul; so make
 Thy servant perfect, fit for heav'n and thee:
 And thou art good! Oh guide me with thy hand,
 Cure all the fond, vain evils of my heart,
 And stifle every growing folly there!

Oh! my Redeemer, kindly condescend
 To hear my prayer, and grant—yet wherefore speak!
 If it seems good, bestow the boon I wish;
 (Thou knowest my thoughts) if not, thy will be done!

A N humble man leans not to his own understanding;
 he is sensible of the deficiency of his own power and wisdom, and trusts not in it: he is also sensible of the all-sufficient power, wisdom, and goodness of Almighty God, and commits himself to him for counsel, guidance, direction and strength.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE is the highest exercise and improvement of reason; the integrity, the harmony, and just balance of affection; the health, strength, and beauty of the mind.

WITH the talents of an angel a man may be a fool, if he judges amiss in the supreme point; judging aright in all else but aggravates his folly, as it shews him wrong, though blest with the best capacity of being right.

WHAT a great deal of time and ease that man gains, who is not troubled with the spirit of curiosity; who lets his neighbours thoughts and behaviour alone; confines his inspections to himself, and takes care of the point of honesty and conscience?

A MAN of true piety, that has no designs to carry on, like one of an established fortune, always makes the least noise. One never pulls out his money, the other never talks of religion, but when there is occasion for it.

ADVERSITY does not make merit lose its name, it serves only as a foil to virtue.

R E T I R E M E N T .

HOW happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend:
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And all his prospects, bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past!

HYMN

HYMN TO THE EVENING.

ERE the sun's declining ray
 Has left yon' distant sky,
 And the parting streak of day
 Has shut upon the eye—
 Come, modest ev'ning, kindly spread
 Thy dusk-enslaved vest,
 And teach reflective thought to spread
 Devotion on the breast.
 Oh! lift the mind to bless the Pow'r,
 Whose mem'ry still shall last,
 And bid him serve the present hour,
 Whose madness lost the past.
 Instructive, tell the pomp of state,
 The pride of mighty blood,
 That none are ever truly great,
 That are not truly good.
 To all one admonition give,
 Unfearful of reply,
 That he alone deserves to live,
 Who best prepares to die.

WHEN modest merit seems to shun that praise
 Th' admiring world to merit ever pays,
 It takes, unknowingly, the road to fame,
 And, by declining, gains a surer name.

BE mine to live in private bliss,
 Safe and obscure in some recess:
 Since faction and high-minded strife
 But shake the peaceful lake of life;
 And better is the little home,
 Where conscious safety cheers the dome.

A PRAYER OF PRINCE EUGENE.

I BELIEVE in thee, oh my God! do thou strengthen
 my faith; I hope in thee, confirm my hope; I love
 thee, inflame my love more and more; I repent of all my
 sins,

sins, but do thou increase my repentance. As my first beginning, I worship thee; as my last end, I long for thee; as my eternal benefactor, I praise thee; and as my supreme protector, I pray unto thee, that it may please thee, O Lord! to guide and lead me by thy providence; to keep me in obedience to thy justice; to comfort me by thy mercy; and to protect me by thy Almighty power. I submit unto thee all my thoughts, words, and deeds, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings; and I desire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy sake to bear all adversity with patience. I will nothing, but what thou willest, O God! because it is agreeable unto thee. O give me grace, that I may be attentive in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and immoveable in all good purposes. Grant, most merciful Lord! that I may be true and faithful to those who have entrusted me with their secrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men; and that both in my words and actions I may shew unto them a good example. Dispose my heart to praise and admire thy goodness; to hate all errors and evil works; to love my neighbour; and to despise the world. Assist me, good God! in subduing lust by mortification; covetousness by liberality; anger by mildness; and lukewarmness by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all transactions; and to shew courage in danger; patience in adversity; and in prosperity an humble mind. Let thy grace illuminate my understanding, direct my will, sanctify my body, and bless my soul. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections; zealous in imploring thy grace; careful in keeping thy commandments; and constant in working out my own salvation. Finally, O God! make me sensible, how little is the world; how great thy heavens; how short time; and how long will be the blessed eternity. Oh! that I may well prepare myself for death; that I may dread thy judgments; that I may avoid the torments of hell; and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

T H E R E

T H E R E is one sure way of pleasing in company, which is in every one's power to practise, viz. shewing a disposition to be pleased.

I T often happens, that those are most desirous of governing others, who are least able to govern themselves.

I T is indeed a serious thing to die ; but virtue disarms the gloomy king of all his terrors, and brightens the prospect of futurity.

S E N E C A says, there is no difference betwixt possessing a thing, and not desiring it.

V A I N are all forms prescrib'd by art,
All outward modes of worship vain ;
An honest, gen'rous, pious heart,
Can only true acceptance gain.

F A R E W E L L, ye vain, I hate your ways,
Ye grov'ling sons of pride, adieu ;
Poor av'rice, how thy hope decays !
Thy steps I tremble to pursue.
To Sion's hill I lift my eye,
To Sion's hill direct my feet ;
From all things learn to live and die,
From all the vile and vain retreat.

The Character of the Lady of one of the ancient Earls of Westmoreland, written by her Husband, and inscribed in the Chimney-wall of a large Room, at Budstone Place, in Kent, once the Seat of that noble Family.

S H E feared God, and knew how to serve him ; she assigned times for her devotion, and kept them ; she was a perfect wife, a true friend ; she joyed most to oblige those nearest and dearest to me. She was still the same, ever kind, and never troublesome ; often preventing my desires ; disputing none ; providently managing all that was mine ; living in appearance above mine estate, while she advanced it. She was of a great spirit, sweetly tempered,

pered; of a sharp wit, without offence; of excellent speech; blest with silence; of a cheerful temper; mildly governed; of a brave fashion to win respect, and to daunt boldness; pleasing to all of her sex; intimate with few; delighting in the best; ever avoiding all persons and places in their honour blemished; and was as free from doing ill as giving the occasion. She died as she lived, well; and blest in the greatest extremity; most patiently sending forth her pure soul with many zealous prayers and hymns to her Maker; pouring out her affectionate heart in passionate streams to her Saviour.——*****

N. B. The beginning and ending of this inscription being defaced by time, the date is uncertain.

Man may, in scenes of ev'ry kind,
Fit lessons of instruction find:
The bird, for injury and wrong,
Repays th' oppressor with a song.
Oh! blush to think that, Heav'n-inspir'd,
Thy breast should be with malice fir'd!
Learn hence thy passion to restrain,
And still that god-like rule maintain,
To seek no vengeance on a foe,
But bless the hand that gives the blow.

IF you desire to live in peace and honour, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of rising from the grave to a life of endless happiness—if these things appear worthy your ambition, you must set out in earnest in the pursuit of them. Virtue and happiness are not attainable by chance, nor by a cold and languid approbation; they must be sought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every assistance must be eagerly embraced that may enable you to obtain them.

TO take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellencies of others, is a much surer mark of benevolence than to pity their calamities.

EQUALLY

EQUALLY vain and absurd is every scheme of life, that is not subservient to, and does not terminate in, that great end of our being, the attainment of real excellence, and of the favour of God. Whenever this becomes sincerely our object, then will pride and vanity, envy, ambition, covetousness, and every evil passion, lose their power over us; and we shall, in the language of Scripture, “ walk humbly with our God.”

Extract from a Poem, called ANCIENT and MODERN
ROME.

REFLECTION hath its joy, a pensive calm,
That shrouds the soul, and bears it on the wings
Of vagrant thought, to mem'ry's wide domain!
Now let's indulge it, while we here remark
The mad career of fortune, and behold
Imperial Rome, 'midst all her triumphs, fall'n!
So closes ev'ry scene; and thus decay
The works of man—allow'd a little space
To shine, attract, then fade, and be forgot!
For see, the paths that lead to pow'r, and fame,
And those which feel the peasant's silent step,
End in one point. Observe ambition's flight,
And laugh at all the wild fantastic dreams
Of human folly. Seeking then thy arms,
Oh, virtue! let us court thee as our good,
Our only treasure, and our only hope;
Our shield, to guard us 'gainst a faithless world,
And all its poison'd arrows. Thou, unhurt,
Sprung from immortal truth, serenely bright,
Sustain'st the general wreck; and, like the sun,
Shalt still appear with undiminish'd light,
When all the boasted monuments of pride
Shall sink, and mingle with the dust they hide!

HABITUAL evils are not quickly chang'd;
But many days must pass, and many sorrows,

Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
 To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
 And work a second nature in the soul,
 Ere virtue can resume the place she lost :
 'Tis else dissimulation.—————

IN the works of man, perfection is aimed at, but it can only be found in those of the Creator.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wise Author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we should form of particular actions.—It is like a censor, noting and observing our actions; and therefore it has not undeservedly been called, by some, a portion of the virgin soul, as not admitting the least blemish of prevarication. Hence good actions beget security in the conscience, but bad cause anguish and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: for, if it is painful to us to abide by the judgments of those we live with, and to put up with their reprehensions, it will be more so to be condemned by our own reason, and to carry about us so severe a judge of our actions. And thus it is, that conscience performs the function both of a witness and judge: when it reprimands us for having done amiss, as Juvenal says—

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself, can find
 A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;
 Which day and night does dreadfully accuse,
 Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

RICHES, alas! are transient things,
 And titles but an airy dream :
 Our pleasures flow from nobler springs,
 And give more lasting peace than them.
 Let fordid mortals hope for wealth,
 This never shall my pray'r employ ;
 Give me but competence and health,
 I envy not their short-liv'd joy.

PRIDE

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

MARK how the stately tree disdainful rears
 His tow'ring head, and mingles with the clouds !
 But, by his fatal height the more expos'd
 To all the fury of the raging storm ;
 His honours fly, the sport of angry winds,
 'Till the loud blast, with direful stroke, descends :
 Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
 And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
 So pride with haughty port, defies in vain
 The force of rough adversity, which rends,
 With double violence, the stubborn heart.

But, like a tender plant, humility
 Bends low before the threat'ning blast, unhurt
 Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkness,
 Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame ;
 A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent, and foul,
 And loathsome to the holy eye of Heav'n.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
 Bestow'd by Heav'n upon its fav'rite sons ;
 The robe which God approves, and angels wear ;
 Fair 'semblance of the glorious Prince of light,
 Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility !)
 With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.
 Pride is the source of discord, strife and war,
 And all the endless train of heavy woes
 Which wait on wretched man ! the direful sting
 Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
 And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
 Of amity and love, content and joy ;
 Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait
 To gild our lives, and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched vot'ries to contempt,
 To certain ruin, infamy, and death.

But sweet humility points out the way
 To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility, how glorious ! how divine !
 Thus cloth'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I shine !
 Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
 And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

WHAT walls can bound, or what compelling rein,
 Th' ungovern'd lust of avarice restrain !
 Wealth he has none, who mourns his scanty store,
 And 'midst of plenty starves, and thinks he's poor.

WHEN Ulysses entrusted the education of his son to the nobles of Ithaca : " O, my friends," said he, " if ever you loved his father, shew it in your care towards him ; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a secret."

THE surest way to purchase happiness, must be, to let as little of our time as possible slip away unobserved and unimproved.

VARIOUS are the innocent diversions of life, by which we may lengthen time in general, and prevent any part of it to be useless, or tedious.

BEFORE you make an absolute promise, weigh all the consequences of keeping it : but, when once you have made it, let the circumstances be important, or ever so trifling, hold it as sacred ; and never be influenced to break it, unless the making it good prove injurious to virtue.

THE table of a good economist, is always attended with neatness, plenty, and cheerfulness. When we have provided enough to maintain us, in the order suitable to our character, we ought to be proportionably hospitable ; but the more we live within decent bounds, the more of our fortune may be converted to noble uses.

HE

HE that keeps not open a constant intercourse with Heaven by frequent fervors of rational devotion, knows not the sublimest joy.

THERE are attractions in modest diffidence, above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

— LOOK on disappointments, toils, and strife,
And all the consequential ills of life,
Not as severities, or causeless woes,
But easy terms indulgent Heav'n allows
To man, by short probation to obtain
Immortal recompense for transient pain.
The intent of Heav'n, thus rightly understood,
From ev'ry evil we extract a good;
This truth divine, implanted in the heart,
Supports each drudging mortal thro' his part;
Gives a delightful prospect to the blind;
The friendless thence a constant succour find,
The wretch, by fraud betray'd, by pow'r oppress'd,
With this restorative, still sooths his breast.
This, suffering virtue cheers, this, pain beguiles,
And decks calamity herself in smiles.

WHEREVER a great deal of gratitude is found in a poor man, it may be taken for granted there would be as much generosity, if he were a rich man.

ADDISON, after a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent; after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, “ Dear Sir! you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands; if
“ you

"you have, I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! —Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, "See in what peace a Christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

Through grace divine, how great is man! through divine mercy how stingless death! Who would not thus expire?

BLEST solitude! how sweet thy peaceful scenes!

Where contemplation's vot'ries love to stray;
Where in her sapient dress, religion reigns,
And shines more splendid than the noontide ray.

LET angry zealots quarrel for a name,
The good, the just, the virtuous are the same.
Virtue and grace are not to sects confin'd,
They blend with all, and spread amongst mankind,
And the pure flame that warms the pious breast,
Those cannot merit who condemn the rest.

THE terms of charity are never hard,
Love and compassion are their own reward.
A soul that succours virtue when distressed,
Can with reflection make a noble feast,
Which nourishes the mind, and overpays
A gen'rous deed with self-approving praise.

WHAT can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent?—A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries?—A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied,

satisfied, that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings, and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness.

ALL the ways of growing rich, are equal to persons greedy of grain. Riches, in their esteem, obtain the place of equity, reputation, their friends, relations, and, frequently, their God.

T H E W I S H .

I A S K not fortune's partial smile,
 Exhaustless source of care ;
 Not all her fancied gay delights
 Can claim a serious prayer.
 Nor pleasure's soft alluring form,
 With ardent wish I seek ;
 Far less the captivating bloom
 That glows on beauty's cheek.
 I ask not, that in calm repose
 My even days may flow,
 Unruffled by adversity,
 Exempt from human woe.
 Enough that no reflections keen,
 No crimes my soul oppress,
 To rob me of the flattering hope
 Of future happiness.
 But grant me that blest frame of mind,
 Where no vain thoughts intrude ;
 That blest serenity which springs
 From conscious rectitude.

THE love of pleasure has so blinded the eyes of the present age, that they cannot see clearly the satisfaction of a pure and rational life.

W H E N

WHEN you see the choler of a friend begin to kindle; if you would do good, throw water thereon to cool, not wood to inflame it.

NO simple custom is more blameable, than that of lying shut up in the arms of sloth and darkness, when the cheerful return of day invites the whole creation to joy and business. Sleep, any further than as it is a necessary refreshment, is the poorest, dullest state of existence we can be in; and it is so far from being a real enjoyment, that it bears the nearest resemblance of death, and carries all the horrors of oblivion in it. We are forced to receive it, either in a state of insensibility, or in the delusive folly of dreams. Sleep, when too much humoured, gives a softness and idleness to all our tempers; and no sluggish person can be qualified, or disposed, to enter into the true spirit of prayer, or the exercise of any active virtue.

IT is not when misfortunes come upon us, the time to set about the philosophy of bearing, or the resignation of submitting to them. It is in health we should prepare ourselves against sickness.

IF affectation could be entirely banished, how few, in comparison with the present state of things, would be the number of preposterous mistakes.

THE nicest rule in economy, is to make our being, one uniform and consistent scene of innocent pleasures, and moderate cares; and not to be transported with joy on occasions of good fortune, or too much dejected in circumstances of distress.

VAGRANT desires, and impertinent mirth, will be too apt to engage our minds, unless we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart, which is above all transient pleasures, and which will fix our affections on things above.

————— BEHOLD, fond man!
 See here thy pictur'd life: Pass some few years;
 Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy

Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale-concluding winter comes at last
 And shuts the scene.—Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?
 Those restless cares? those busy bustl'ing days?
 Those gay-spent festive nights? those varying thoughts?
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life!
 All now are fled! Religion sole remains
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

IF people took as much pains to be good, as they do to appear so, they would, through grace, bring about their purpose.

G O D, the Lord and Father of all, has given no one of his children such a property in his peculiar portion of the things of this world, but that he has given his needy brother a right in the surplufage of his goods; so that it cannot justly be denied him, when his pressing wants call for it.

WHO is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

FIX'D in the shade of this imperfect state,
 'Tis ours, submissive, better scenes to wait;
 And plaintive musing on each various pain,
 Or o'er the pebbly brook, or on the plain,
 In love with nature, let us, while we stay,
 To nature's parent, true devotion pay.
 By him soon summon'd, shall we take our flight,
 Far to the realms of uncreated light.

TRANSPORTING period! when wilt thou appear?
 Thou blissful dawn of that immortal day,
 That ne'er shall see a dusky ev'ning spread

To

To veil its light ; which ne'er shall need the sun,
Nor stars, nor glimm'ring moon, to cheer its shade.

Ye fair inhabitants of blifsful feats,
Unfold your golden gates, and call me hence !
Sick of this mortal state, this round of error,
Of darkness, and mistake, I long for rest.

THY force alone, religion, death disarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
Softened by thee, the grisly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears.
We, undismay'd, this awful pow'r obey,
That guides us thro' the safe, tho' gloomy way,
Which leads to life.—————

THE advantages of frequent thoughts on death are certainly unspeakable ; and most erroneous is the notion, that gloominess must be the consequence of such meditation.

IT most certainly becomes us, as we are rational and mortal, to consider the high things expected of us, as rationals ; and the haste we ought to make in accomplishing them, as we are mortal : and it would bespeak us wise, as we ourselves would receive the benefit, if we, with great seriousness and attention, pondered over and meditated upon that, which must, ere long, be our lot : that hour, which high and low, rich and poor, must all arrive at ; and by which the beggar and the prince will be levelled with the dust.

LET prudence always attend your pleasures ; it is the way to enjoy the sweets of them, and not to be afraid of the consequences.

COMPANY and cheerfulness are necessary, and of use ; but a constant course of mirth betrays such a levity of mind, that your presence will never be desired, but to divert others, whose regard ceases the instant the laughter is over ; and should your wit offend, you may be assured of an enemy.

IF

IF you have any good quality, do not make eulogiums yourself upon it; as it will not be credited upon your word only.

WE have to do with one whose power is unbounded, whose knowledge is infinite, and whose justice is perfect; and therefore from him we can hide no guilt; we can fly to no place of defence, nor can we expect acceptance, but in the paths of reason and religion. In them we shall find the highest pleasure, and join to the cheerful enjoyment of the things of this world, the prospect of a continuance and increase of pleasures when this world has no more to give.

SHORT is the date, and narrow is the span,
Which bounds the little life of foolish man.
Gay scenes of bliss the ravish'd soul surprize,
Raise his vain hopes, and glitter in his eyes.
Of swelling titles, he supinely dreams;
Vast are his projects, and refin'd his schemes.
But when his morning views of joy are past,
The melancholy ev'ning comes at last;
The tyrant, Death, a hasty summons sends,
And all his momentary glory ends.

SINCE then Old Time steals all away,
Take heed the sunshine of your day
Nought but true joys may find;
To proper use apply what's sent;
For know no beauty's permanent,
But beauty of the mind.

THE life of man is compared to the herbage of the field, but a shadow is a more striking emblem; and the flux of time, measured by a shadow, is a lesson that teaches us the necessity of preparing ourselves for a more permanent state.

AS too long a retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it. It is good sometimes to re-
D collect

collect one's self; nay, it is even necessary to give an exact account of one's words and thoughts to one's self; and of the progress we have made in wisdom. A man that would reap the fruits of reading and conversation, and improve by what he has seen, must be no stranger to silence, repose, and meditation.

AS arrogance and conceitedness of our own abilities are very disgustful to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind.

THE reproofs of a relation may be thought to proceed from an affectation of superiority; of an enemy, from a spirit of malice; and of an indifferent person, from pride or impertinence, and so be slighted. But when they come from one who loves us, and come armed with all the tender concern that an unfeigned affection is known to dictate, they ought of course to take effect, and become irresistible.

IT is possible to be happy in the absence of all that people call amusement and diversion. When the mind is in a situation superior to the changing scenes below the sun, in pursuit of boundless and immortal bliss, the soul, with a noble freedom, ascends the celestial heights, in search of its great original, the fountain of its existence, and centre of all its hopes.

ON CONTENTMENT.

O THOU! whose power can sharpest grief assuage,
Or stop the torrent of impetuous rage;
Contentment, hear! Oh listen to my strain!
Nor let the muse implore thy aid in vain;
Teach me thro' life's advent'rous paths to go,
T' enjoy the good, and calmly bear the woe;
To view unmov'd the miser's hoarded store,
Without a sigh, or greedy wish for more;
To scorn the pomp, and pageantry of state,
The empty shew, and titles of the great.

Grant

Grant me to live a peaceful, rural life,
 Remote from envy and tumultuous strife.
 There may I pass each hour by virtue's rules,
 Nor vainly seek th' applauding breath of fools.

GLIDE on securely, wisely tread,
 The paths where truth and virtue lead.
 It matters not how great the man,
 If all's confin'd to life's short span;
 It matters not how rich or poor,
 Peace is no gift in human pow'r.
 They find her who contented dwell
 In the cool grot or mossy cell.

TO keep the passions of others submissive, there is a necessity of triumphing over one's own; to oblige them to be virtuous, one must set the example and be the model. There is not a better lesson than that which a superior makes it his duty to practise.

THERE is so great a grace and authority in virtue, that it never fails to attract the esteem even of those that are most abandoned to vice and immorality; so that religion, by its own authority, and the reasonable force of it, is sufficient to establish its empire in the mind of any thinking person.

LET your expectations be higher than any dignity or enjoyment this world can boast. Let a celestial crown fire your ambition; and in the pursuit of infinite happiness, grasp at nothing below the glories of immortality. With what a divine ambition does the prospect of heavenly joys inspire the soul! If you are reckoned by any of the gay and giddy world the less polite for entertaining such exalted thoughts of pleasure; be content in being unfashionably good, since thereby you can keep your peace; be fearless and open to the inspection of Heaven; justify yourself to your own conscience, and secure the divine interest. Be always assured, that no character is more amiable, than that of a female, who in the gayest bloom

bloom of youth, and triumph of beauty, practises the rules of purity and virtue; and that in the exercise of those qualities the finest breeding consists.

IN all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, and soften the harshness of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other due reward.

THE time of sickness or affliction is, like the cool of the day was to Adam, a season of peculiar propriety for the voice of God to be heard; and may be improved into a very advantageous opportunity of begetting or increasing spiritual life in the soul.

L I F E i s S H O R T.

Man's life, like any weaver's shuttle flies,
Or like a tender flow'ret fades and dies;
Or like a race it ends without delay,
Or like a vapour vanishes away;
Or like a candle which each moment wastes,
Or like a vessel under sail it hastes;
Or like a post it gallops very fast,
Or like the shadow of a cloud 'tis past.
Our castle is but weak, and strong the foe,
Our breath is short, our death is certain too;
But as his coming is a secret still,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

Concluding Stanzas of a Piece written on Recovery
from Sickness.

FATHER of life! whose arm with equal power,
And equal goodness, can depress or raise,
Complete the blessings thou hast deign'd to show'r,
And grant increasing worth to length of days.

Oh!

Oh! grant me still to trust thy tender care,
 In humble praise to use this added breath,
 In health, the innocence of sickness wear,
 And keep, thro' life, the sober thoughts of death.

A WISE Heathen, with great justice, compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to her child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise Father, who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pains, that they may gather strength, and improve their fortitude. Sometimes too, a misfortune may happen to a good man, to preserve him from a much greater one. Thus sickness may be a very great mercy to him, if it keeps him from embarking in a vessel which will be lost in its passage. Thus poverty may screen him from a great many evils which would be brought upon him by riches, and the like. We are so short-sighted, that we know not how to distinguish, and often take the greatest blessings for misfortunes, and the heaviest curses for blessings. We are like mariners, who by fair winds might run into the way of pirates; but by those contrary to their wishes, reach their port in safety.

Extempore Exclamation on the prospect of Winter.

OH! may our follies, like the falling trees,
 Be stript of ev'ry leaf by autumn's wind!
 May ev'ry branch of vice embrace the breeze,
 And nothing leave but virtue's fruit behind!
 Then when old age, life's winter, shall appear,
 In conscious hope, all future ills we'll brave,
 With fortitude our dissolution bear,
 And sink, forgotten, in the silent grave.

THE man, within the golden mean
 Who can his boldest wish contain,
 Securely views the ruin'd cell,
 Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
 And in himself serenely great,
 Declines an envied room of state.

I T is a melancholy consideration, that our comforts often produce our greatest anxieties ; and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

W E A K and feeble minds are most prone to anger, and by their exceeding fierceness, generally disappoint their own purpose. But the greatest and bravest of men are always calm and sedate ; they are above being disturbed with little injuries, and can generously pardon the greatest ; taking more delight in mercy and forgiveness, than in prosecuting revenge when it is in their power.

O T H E R vices are confined within certain bounds, and have a particular object, but affectation diffuses itself over the whole man, and affects the good qualities both of body and mind.

S H U N the least appearance of evil, that you may not be suspected ; and if you cannot avoid both, choose rather to be suspected, when you do not deserve it, than to do evil, without being suspected.

B E very cautious of speaking or believing any ill of your neighbours ; but be much more cautious of making hasty reports of them to their disadvantage.

L E T virtue and innocence accompany your recreations ; for unlawful pleasures, though agreeable for a moment, are too often attended with bad consequences ; and instead of relaxing the mind, plunge us into an abyss of trouble and affliction.

F I L I A L, submissive to the sov'reign will,
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill,
I'll work, in narrow sphere, what Heav'n approves,
Abating hatreds, and increasing loves ;
My friendships, studies, pleasures all my own,
Alike to envy and to fame unknown.
Such in some blest asylum let me lie,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wish, to die.

W H E N

WHEN beauty's charms decay, as soon they must,
 And all its glories humbled in the dust,
 The virtuous mind, beyond the rage of time,
 Shall ever blossom in a happier clime,
 Whose never-fading joys no tongue can tell,
 Where everlasting youth and beauty dwell;
 Where pain and sorrow never more shall move,
 But all is pleasure, harmony, and love.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

OH! happiness, thou pleasing dream,
 Where is thy substance found?
 Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
 Of earth's capacious round.
 The charms of grandeur, pomp, and shew,
 Are nought but gilded snares;
 Ambition's painful steep ascent
 Thick set with thorny cares.
 The busy town, the crowded street,
 Where noise and discord reign,
 We gladly leave, and tir'd, retreat,
 To breathe and think again.
 Yet, if retirement's pleasing charms
 Detain the captive mind,
 The soft enchantment soon dissolves,
 'Tis empty all as wind.
 Religion's sacred lamp alone,
 Unerring points the way,
 Where happiness for ever shines,
 With unpolluted ray;
 To regions of eternal peace,
 Beyond the starry skies,
 Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys,
 In endless prospect rise.

OH! wouldst thou, man! but now and then descend
 Into the dark recesses of thy breast,
 Before the seeds of baleful vice have sprung,

And

And ta'en possession of thy easy heart ;
 Then might'st thou think on other worlds to come,
 And live in solitude without a fear.

HAPPY the man, whose tranquil mind,
 Sees nature in her changes kind,
 And pleas'd, the whole surveys.
 For him the morn benignly smiles,
 And evening shades reward the toils,
 That measure out his days.
 The varying year may shift the scene,
 The sounding tempests lash the main,
 And Heaven's own thunders roll ;
 Calmly he sees the bursting storm
 Tempests nor thunder can deform
 The morning of his soul.

TH' industrious ant, by nature taught,
 With more than common prudence fraught,
 Lays up, secure, an annual store,
 (It's little date, perhaps no more :)
 Would man (who Lord of all presides,
 Alone whom reason's influence guides,
 Whom Heav'n, in mercy, unconfin'd,
 For nobler purposes design'd)
 Thus hoard against that common state
 We all must prove, or soon or late ;
 How calm might he resign his breath,
 And smiling, meet the arm of death ;
 With joy his soul to Heav'n commend,
 And fearless, wait his latter end.

NOT all the gifts of wealth, the pomp of state,
 The gilded palace, on the envied throne,
 Deserve the real tribute of applause.
 Praise rather those who steadily pursue
 The precepts of humility, who hear
 The voice of cooler reason, nor desire
 More than their flocks, and herds, the tufted cell,

Or

Or moss-grown cottage, the abode of peace :
 They steer securely down life's placid stream,
 Rich in themselves, and crown'd with length of days.

TEMPORAL things more ravish in the expectation,
 than in fruition ; but things eternal, more in the fruition
 than expectation.

VIRTUE is the greatest ornament ; it is to the
 young necessary, to the aged comfortable, to the poor
 serviceable, to the rich an ornament, to the fortunate an
 honour, to the unfortunate a support. She ennobles the
 slave, and exalts nobility itself. In short, let it be re-
 membered, that none can be disciples of the graces, but
 in the school of virtue ; and that those who wish to be
 lovely, must learn to be good.

THE solid joys of human kind,
 Are those that flow from peace of mind :
 For who the sweets of life can taste,
 With vice and tim'rous guilt oppress'd ?
 'Tis virtue softens all our toils,
 With peace our conscience crowns ;
 Gives pleasure when our fortune smiles,
 And courage when it frowns ;
 Calms ev'ry trouble, makes the soul serene,
 Smooths the contracted brow, and cheers the heart within.

OH, virtue, how lovely are thy charms ! not half so
 fair the beauteous blushes of the morn, the flowery
 meads, or all the cheering verdure of the groves !

THE man who has so little knowledge of human
 nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing,
 but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless
 efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpotes to
 remove.

THERE

T H E R E can be no true and sincere pleasure in any sinful and vicious course, though it be attended with all the pomp and splendour of outward happiness and prosperity: for wherever sin or vice is, there must be guilt; and wherever guilt is, the mind will be restless and unquiet.

P U R E are the joys above the skies,
And all the regions peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eyes,
Can see or taste the bliss.
These holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

O T H O U, supremely wise, supremely good!
Whose ways are like th' unfathomable flood,
Grant me to celebrate thy glorious name,
'Till death dissolves this late preserved frame.
And when this earth shall hasten to decay,
When seas shall burn, and mountains melt away,
When suns and stars, in wild confusion hurl'd,
Now crush each other, now destroy a world,
May I resume the sacred theme above,
For ever praise thee, and for ever love!

H A I L, moderation! virtue heav'nly bright,
Thou shining path, thou ever glorious light!
Steer'd and conducted by thy certain thread,
The labyrinth of life we safely tread;
And with a sure, unerring eye survey,
The various perils of our painful way.
From thee alone the mighty blessings flow,
To double pleasure, and to lessen woe;
In every case t' apply the healing balm,
And sooth our stormy passions to a calm.

O F all the calamities to which the condition of mortality exposes mankind, the loss of reason appears, to
those

those who have the least spark of humanity, by far the most dreadful; and they behold that last stage of human wretchedness with deeper commiseration than any other.

THE forgiving of injuries, is a virtue which not only Christianity, but morality enforces. The Heathens practised it to admiration; the primitive Christians exceeded them. But what a glorious example have we in the Lord and Master of our salvation, who prayed for his crucifiers—"Father, forgive them," &c. Luke xxiii. 34.

A WISE man will desire no more, than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

EXPENSIVE dress is not a crime, because there is any harm in good apparel, but because it shews a depravity of mind, which turns the necessary use of clothes into extravagance, pride, and folly.

O 'TIS a heav'nly virtue, when the heart
Can feel the sorrows of another's bosom!
It dignifies the man. The stupid wretch,
Who knows not this sensation, is an image,
And wants the feeling to make up a life.

SHORT is the date of our existence here,
As the light rainbow in the lucid sphere:
Tho' sacred science all her stores expand,
Tho' wealth and honour flow from fortune's hand;
Tho' every virtue in progression rise,
To make us learn'd, benevolent, and wise;
Tho' great in title, and renown'd in birth;
Our last retreat's to the oblivious earth.

THOU Pow'r Supreme! whose influence benign,
O'er all creation's infinite extent
Shines forth ineffable, inspire my heart
With kindness universal. Let no pride,

Envy

Envy malignant, fordid lust of gain,
 Or any kindred discord-brooding vice,
 Disturb my tranquil breast ; but let me pass
 Thro' all the varied scenes which life unfolds,
 In social harmony with all around,
 Serene and calm as glides the lucid stream.

REPUTATIONS are of a subtle, insinuating nature : like water, derived from the clearest spring, when it chances to mix with a foul current, it runs undistinguished in one muddy stream ; and they both partake of the same colour and condition. If we keep bad company, however little we may be criminal in reality, we must expect the same censure that is due to the worst of our associates.

HUMILITY is a virtue, which highly adorns the character in which it resides, and sets off every other virtue. It is an admirable ingredient of a contented mind, and an excellent security against many of those ills in life, which are most sensibly felt by people of a delicate nature.

THAT man is most blessed, who receives his daily bread with gratitude and thankfulness from the hand of God ; and he who does, experiences a pleasure that exceeds description. It is this that gives a relish to every repast ; it is this that makes the coarsest morsel delicious to the taste ; and it is the want of this that makes affluence a burthen, instead of a blessing to the rich.

THE sleep of a labouring man is sweet ; and if he toil hard for the bread that perisheth, he has, in the midst of every want, if a follower of Christ, bread to eat that the world knows nothing of. It is not said, Happy are they who possess abundance ; but, Happy is the man who findeth wisdom ; which is Christ, the pearl of great price. In him are hid those durable riches and righteousness, the merchandize of which is better than that of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

TO

TO complain that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess; and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

ENOUGH has Heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

YE proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere;
The good alone are great.

LIFE's road let me cautiously view,
And no longer disdain to be wise,
Forbearing such paths to pursue,
As my reason should hate or despise.
To crown both my age and my youth,
Let me mark where religion has trod,
Since nothing but virtue and truth,
Can reach to the throne of my God.

O DAYS, long lost to man in each degree,
The golden days of hospitality!
When lib'ral fortunes vy'd with lib'ral strife,
To fill the noblest offices of life,
The poor, at hand their nat'ral patrons saw,
And law-givers were supplements of law!

NEVER treat common beggars with contempt or aversion, though their appearance be ever so offensive; but remember the kindness of our Saviour and his apostles towards them. Consider, that even they have an equal right with you, to the protection of Heaven. Be thankful that you are not afflicted with their disorders, their sores, or their poverty, but always treat them as

E

your

your fellow-creatures ; for, as they are such, it is your duty to wish them peace of mind in this world, and eternal happiness in the next : which it is impossible you can sincerely do, and yet not have the heart to give them a small relief.

THE poor man is, from his situation, cut off from a thousand temptations to vice ; and that levity and dissipation of thought, which are the common attendants of ease and affluence, are obliged to give way to the steady exercise of reason and cool reflection, which are as closely connected with wisdom, as vice is with folly.

THE chest of the miser might as well contain brass as gold, unless benevolence should pour it into the lap of distress, or generosity place it in the hands of merit.

THE accidents of life are numerous ; it is impossible to guard against them all. He that meets with the fewest, has a double tie of gratitude to that Being who is about his bed and his paths ; he that meets with most, may convert them into blessings, by using them as means to exalt and improve his virtues. On both sides, there is a strong call for the exercise of patience and compassion ; and he that exercises them most, bears the strongest resemblance to him whose mercy endureth for ever.

WE often overlook the blessings which are in our possession, to hunt after those which are out of our reach.

TRUE greatness of soul ought to be conformable to the rules of equity ; its object ought to be the doing of all the good it is capable of, without requiring any retribution for the favours granted, or the treasures distributed.

TEACH me, oh thou ! that Teacher art
Of ev'ry duty here below ;
The number of my days impart ;
Be thou my guide where'er I go.

I ask

I ask no gold, nor length of days ;
 I meet thy will, thy will be done ;
 I know that time itself decays,
 And gold but sparkles in the sun.
 When chaf't'ned, let me kiss the rod ;
 I wish no transient joy to claim ;
 Be thou my portion, oh, my God !
 'Thro' Heav'n's eternal year the same.

Extract from an Ode to SENSIBILITY.

NE'ER let my soul, with haughty scorn,
 The prayer of injur'd virtue spurn ;
 Ne'er let my heart, with sour neglect,
 'Treat modest worth with disrespect :
 But let my breast, like wax, receive
 Each fair impression thou can'st give ;
 Taste all thy pleasures, all thy pain,
 And pity the unfeeling train !

POOR were the expectations of the studious, the brave, the modest, and the good, if the reward of their labours and virtues was to be determined by this life.

THAT friendship, which makes the least noise, is often the most useful ; and a prudent friend, is generally of more service than a zealous one.

THE surest means we can use, to arrive at a true estimate of ourselves, and to find out the secret faults and vices that lurk within us, is to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred history, and to compare our lives, with the life of him who lived up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those that receive his doctrines.

NO person is insensible to the injury of contempt ; nor is there any talent so invidious, or so certain to

create ill-will, as that of ridicule. The natural effects of years, which all hope to attain, and the infirmities of the body, which none can prevent, are surely, of all others, the most improper objects of mirth.

TO receive advice, reproof, and instruction, properly, is the surest sign of a sincere and humble heart, and shews a greatness of mind, which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willingly to yield to us the superiority.

AVOID the folly of slighting those excellencies in others, which you have not acquired. Rather endeavour, with a well-tempered emulation, to imitate them.

NEVER add confusion to the inquietudes of those who have failed of success in any attempt; nor express a malicious joy at their disappointment.

WHENE’ER you would an erring friend reprove,
Let gentle cautions shew, the motive’s love.
Do not begin with rashness to exclaim,
But rather hint the fault, before you blame.
’Tis not enough your admonition’s just,
Prudence must guide it, or the labour’s lost:
Friends should allure, and charm us into sense.
Harsh counsels less reform, than give offence.

A Thought on first Waking.

TO God, who guards me all the night,
Be honour, love, and praise;
To God, who sheds the morning light,
And gives me length of days!
His pow’r first call’d us forth from nought,
Inspir’d the vital flame,
And with amazing wisdom wrought,
The whole material frame,

He gave the soul its heav'nly birth,
 He by his word divine
 Prepar'd the fit enclosing earth,
 And bade them both combine.
 Strange, that a pure, immortal mind,
 A bright celestial ray,
 Should be with frailest nature join'd,
 And mixt with common clay!
 O! wond'rous union, so compos'd,
 That none can understand;
 'Tis such as evidently shews
 Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

G R E A T inconveniences attend running into any extremes. Much of our happiness depends upon an evenness of temper, in not suffering the scale of our reason to mount us too high in the season of our prosperity; nor to sink us too low with the weight of adversity.

A S whatever worldly substance you enjoy, is the gift of Providence, make it, in all cases, serve the wise and reasonable ends of a beneficent, hospitable life.

W E travel through time, as through a desert of wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, to get at the imaginary points of rest and pleasure.

I T is a melancholy truth, that though among the talents of our stewardship, TIME is the most valuable, yet, in general, we are more profuse and regardless of it than of any other.

H A P P Y, thrice happy he, whose conscious heart,
 Inquires his purpose, and discerns his part;
 Who runs, with heed, th' involuntary race,
 Nor lets his hours reproach him as they pass;

Weighs how they steal away, how sure, how fast,
 And as he weighs them, apprehends the last.
 Or vacant, or engag'd, our minutes fly,
 We may be negligent, but we must die.

THE lab'ring bee, by God instructed, knows,
 Where op'ning flowers their balmy sweets disclose;
 The rising sun her daily task renews,
 Wide o'er the plains she sips the pearly dews;
 From mead to mead, she wanders through the skies,
 And yellow thyme distends her loaded thighs.
 Each rift'd flow'r rewards her painful toil,
 And her full hive receives the golden spoil;
 On flagging wings each load she thither bears,
 And while the summer smiles, for winter's wants prepares.

The Ants and the Grasshopper.

THE ants, a prudent, painful train,
 Brought forth and dry'd their heaps of grain.
 A grasshopper, half starv'd, went by,
 Who bow'd, and begg'd their charity:
 To whom a hoary ant reply'd,
 " In harvest how's your time employ'd ?"—
 " I sing," the insect said, " and play,
 " To make the lab'ring peasants gay."—
 " Ah !" cry'd the ant, " how just the chance —
 " As then you sung, you now may dance.
 " In vain you here for food apply,
 " I'll feed no idle folks, not I."

The Fall of the Leaf.

SEE the leaves around ye falling,
 Dry and wither'd, to the ground,
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound,
 " Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 " When, like us, he blighted fell,

" Hear

" Hear the lecture we are reading,
 " 'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.
 " Virgins, much, too much presuming,
 " On your boasted white and red,
 " View us, late in beauty blooming,
 " Number'd now among the dead.
 " Griping misers, nightly waking,
 " See the end of all your care;
 " Fled on wings of our own making,
 " We have left our owners bare.
 " Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 " Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
 " Lo! the fickle air that raises,
 " Brings us down to parent earth.
 " Learned fires, in system jaded,
 " Who for new ones daily call,
 " Cease at length, by us persuaded;
 " Every leaf must have a fall.
 " Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
 " Gay in health, and many a grace,
 " Let not cloudless skies deceive you:
 " Summer gives to autumn place."
 On the tree of life eternal,
 Man let all thy hopes be stay'd;
 Which alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears the leaves that never fade.

A MAN who entertains an high opinion of himself, is naturally ungrateful. He has too great an esteem of his own merit, to be thankful for any favours received.

WHEN tired and sick of all mortal vanities, the religious mind reposes itself in the firm expectation of drinking at the fountain of life, and of bathing in rivers of immortal pleasure. Even death (which to the guilty is the gloomy period of all their joys, and the entrance to a gulph of undying wretchedness) brightens into a smile, and, in an angel's form, invites the religious soul to endless rest from labour, and to endless scenes of joy.

THOU

THOU great, ador'd ! thou excellence divine !
 Beauty is thine in all its conqu'ring pow'rs—
 What is there lovely in the spacious earth,
 Or in th' ethereal round, compar'd to thee ?
 In thee we trace up pleasure to its source !
 Thou art the great Original of joy,
 Th' eternal spring of life, the source of love
 Divine—beyond similitude supreme ;
 With whose immensity we're all surrounded !

ACTIVE in indolence, abroad we roam,
 In quest of happiness which dwells at home :
 With vain pursuits fatigu'd, at length we find,
 No place excludes it from an equal mind.

OH, what a scene of bliss the soul employs,
 Wrapt in the prospect of eternal joys !
 Where all, immortal hallelujahs sing,
 And praise the world's Redeemer, Heaven's King ;
 Where hymns of glory, every voice employ ;
 Where all is love, and harmony, and joy !

A COURSE of virtue, innocence, and piety, is
 superior to all the luxury and grandeur, by which the
 greatest libertines ever proposed to gratify their desires ;
 for then the soul is still enlarged, by grasping at the en-
 joyments of eternal bliss. The mind, by retiring calmly
 into itself, finds there capacities formed for infinite ob-
 jects and desires, that stretch themselves beyond the limits
 of this creation, in search of the great Original of life
 and pleasure.

SUCH is the uncertainty of human affairs, that we
 cannot assure ourselves of the constant possession of any
 objects that gratify any one pleasure or desire, except that
 of virtue ; which, as it does not depend on external ob-
 jects, we may promise ourselves always to enjoy.

WHEN you are lawfully engaged in the business of
 life, take heed that your heart and affections cleave not
 to the dust.

IT is not without good reason that we are exhorted to pass the time of our sojourning in fear: an attachment to riches, to worldly greatness, or its cares, has a natural tendency to divert the mind from better objects, to draw off its attention from the one thing needful, and to impede its progress in the pursuit of that happiness, which is only worth pursuing.

O, WHILE we breathe this fleeting air,
 May we for endless life prepare;
 To love divine, continue chaste,
 All its sweet effluences taste;
 'Till at the source, when going hence,
 We drink our fill of joy immense!

PROVIDENCE is commonly indulgent to the honest endeavours of industrious persons, that the more laborious they are in their employments, the more they thrive and are blessed in them.

KNOWLEDGE, softened with complacency and good breeding, will make a person beloved and admired; but being joined with a severe and morose temper, it makes him rather feared than respected.

WHEN once the soul, by contemplation, is raised to any right apprehension of the Divine perfections, and the foretastes of celestial bliss, how will this world, and all that is in it, vanish and disappear before his eyes! With what holy disdain will he look down upon things, which are the highest objects of other men's ambitious desires! All the splendour of courts, all the pageantry of greatness, will no more dazzle his eyes, than the faint lustre of a glow-worm will trouble the eagle after it hath been beholding the sun.

WERE there but a single mercy apportioned to each minute of our lives, the sum would rise very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded, when every minute has more than we can distinctly number!

Reflections

Reflections on the Close of the Year.

THE year expires, and this its latest hour—

Ah! think, my soul, how swift the moment flies,
Nor idly waste it while it's in thy power;

Attend time's awful call, and be thou wise.

Twelve months ago, what numbers, blithe and gay,

Thoughtful, plan'd schemes for the succeeding year!

How vain were all their hopes, to death a prey,

Nor wealth they ask, nor poverty they fear!

I've follow'd worth and merit to the grave,

The last sad duties to their ashes paid;

How soon may I the same kind office crave,

The pitying tear, sad sigh, and friendly aid!

Almighty Lord! be pleased to extend

Thy wonted kindness; still thy blessings pour—

Oh! may thy grace into my breast descend:

Teach me to work thy will, and thee adore!

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind—

What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,

Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.

A RICH man is no way happier than another man,
but he that hath more opportunities ministered unto him
of doing more good than his neighbour.

HUMILITY is the grand virtue that leads to contentment. It cuts off the envy and malice of inferiors and equals, and makes us patiently bear the insults of superiors.

POVERTY has not always the nature of an affliction or judgment, but is rather merely a state of life appointed by Providence for the proper trial and exercise of the virtues of contentment, patience and resignation: and for one man to murmur against God, because he possesses not those riches he sees given to another, "is the wrath that killeth the foolish man, and the envy that slayeth the silly one."

SURELY

SURELY, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

A SERIOUS and contemplative mind sees God in every thing. Every object we behold, the food by which we are sustained, the raiment wherewith we are clothed, suggest thoughts of piety and gratitude ; and if we attend to the silent voice of meditation, we shall

“ Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
“ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

OUR principles only become pleasing and delightful, when by the influence of them we learn to calm and govern our passions ; and are formed by them into such a temper, as renders us capable of cheerfully enjoying the blessings of the present world, and the higher happiness of a better.

THE most momentous concern of man is, the state he shall enter upon, after this short and transitory life is ended : and in proportion as eternity is of greater importance than time, so ought men to be solicitous upon what grounds their expectations, with regard to that durable state, are built ; and upon what assurances their hopes or their fears stand.

WE should take all the care imaginable, how we create enemies ; it being one of the hardest things in the Christian religion, to behave ourselves as we ought to do towards them.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HAPPY the man, who, free from noisy sports,
And all the pomp and pageantry of courts,
Far from the venal world can live secure,
Be moral, honest, virtuous—tho' poor ;
Who walking still by equity's just rules,
Detesting fordid knaves, and flatt'ring fools ;

Regardin

- Regarding neither fortune, pow'r, nor state,
 Nor ever wishing to be vainly great;
 Without malevolence and spleen can live,
 And what his neighbour wants, with joy would give.
 A foe to pride, no passion's guilty friend,
 Obeying nature, faithful to her end;
 Severe in manners, as in truth severe,
 Just to himself, and to his friends sincere;
 His temper even, and his steady mind
 Refin'd by friendship, and by books refin'd.
 Some low-roof'd cottage holds the happy swain,
 Unknown to lux'ry, or her servile train;
 He, studying nature, grows serenely wise,
 Like Socrates he lives, or like him dies.
 He asks no glory, gain'd by hostile arms,
 Nor sighs for grandeur with her painted charms;
 With calm indiff'rence views the shifting scene,
 Thro' all magnanimous, resign'd, serene:
 On hope sustain'd, he treads life's devious road,
 And knows no fear, except the fear of God;
 Would Heav'n, indulgent, grant my fond desire,
 Thus would I live, and thus should life expire.

THE middle state of life is best,
 Exalted stations find no rest.
 Storms shake th' aspiring pine and tow'r,
 And mountains feel the thunder's pow'r.
 The mind, prepar'd for each event,
 In every state maintains content;
 She hopes the best when storms prevail,
 Nor trusts too far the prosp'rous gale:
 Should time returning winters bring,
 Returning winter yields to spring;
 Should darkness shroud the present skies,
 Hereafter brighter suns shall rise.

A WISE Heathen was of opinion, that if mankind,
 in general, had the power given them to change their
 station in life, and at the same time were made acquaint-
 ed

ed with the inconveniences attending every other state, as well as their own, they would unanimously choose to continue in the situation they were at first placed in by Providence.

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next good sense; the third good humour; the last wit.

DISCREET people generally have a reserve of necessities before-hand, that when the time comes for using them, there may be no hurry and confusion.

CIVILITY over-acted, is always suspicious. A blast of thorns begins in a blaze, and soon ends in a smoke; but a fire made of proper materials, designed to be useful and lasting, at its first kindling breaks out from a cloud of smoke, and grows clearer and brighter as it burns.

PLUTARCH (in his book of Friendship) directs us to "make a trial of our friends, as of our money, "and to be equally cautious of choosing both." Tacitus tells us, that "the longer a friendship is contracted, so much the surer and more firm it is." From this we may collect, that an old friend is always to be most valued, the best to be loved, and the first to be trusted.

THE duties that are owing to friends, are integrity, love, counsel, and assistance. It is not intimacy, and frequency of conversation, that makes a friend, but a disinterested observance of these duties.

"NEVER admit," says the philosopher Seneca, "vain glory in your heart; for human glory is at best no more than human folly."

THE pleasing gales that gentle summer yields,
Amid the gay profusion of his store;
The smiles of nature, and of verdant fields,
Are all, alas! but blessings of an hour.

F

How

How vast the beauties they around display,
 Till dreary winter re-assumes his reign,
 And sternly bids them vanish and decay,
 And leave no traces on the pensive plain !
 The golden cowslip, on th' enamell'd mead,
 Displays his youthful glories to the view ;
 But soon he droops his solitary head,
 And yields his virtue to the evening's dew.
 Alas ! how transient is the dream of life,
 And every heart-felt comfort we enjoy ;
 And, fraught with care, solicitude, and strife,
 Each hour attempts our blessings to destroy.
 All human scenes are subject to decay,
 And time asserts an all-prevailing pow'r ;
 Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
 We bloom to wither, as the tender flow'r.
 Not so the soul—its views sublime and pure,
 Where faith, and hope, and charity unite,
 Shall rise, and dwell eternally secure,
 In Heaven's unfading mansions of delight.

M E R E bashfulness, without merit, is awkward ; and merit, without modesty, insolent : but modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

X E N O P H O N, in his *Cyrus*, which he designed for the perfect idea of a good prince, represents him, in the last minutes of his life, addressing himself to God to this purpose : “ Thou knowest that I have been a lover
 “ of mankind ; and now that I am leaving this world,
 “ I hope to find that mercy from thee, which I have shewn
 “ to others.”

T H E man who keeps the golden mean,
 Where raging storms are seldom seen,
 Avoids the dang'rous rocks and pools,
 That fright the wise, and swallow fools.

THE limits of our life, how like a shade—
 A passing cloud—our vain existence flies!
 Yet, all our boundless hopes, our future views,
 For endless ages, on this narrow span,
 This little rivulet of time, depend.
 And, oh! how fast the gliding current flows!
 Nothing retards its everlasting course.
 Ev'n now our hasty moments pass away,
 For ever, O, for ever are they gone!

We die with every breath; no calling back
 The nicest point of all our vain duration;
 'Tis past beyond retrieve!——but oh! there rest
 Eternal things on this important point:
 This span of life, this short allotted span,
 Is all we have to manage for the stake
 Of an immortal soul; the glorious weight
 Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are suspended,
 And, oh!—if lost, can never be recall'd!

WHAT impression can treasure and great possessions
 make upon the mind that is contemplating, seriously,
 on the kingdom of Heaven, and a crown of glory that
 never fades away? What are the pomp and majesty of an
 earthly court; the magnificence of palaces and crowded
 theatres, to one who has in view the glories of heaven;
 the triumphs of the saints; and the ineffable splendour
 of the angelic order? What are feasts, sports, plays,
 and all the varieties of sensual pleasures and delights, to
 him who steadfastly fixes his eye on celestial bliss, and ever-
 lasting transports of joy?

HE that would pass the latter part of life with honour
 and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he
 shall one day be old, and lay up knowledge for his sup-
 port, when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and
 remember when he is old, that he has once been young,
 and forbear to animadvert, with unnecessary rigour, on
 faults which experience only can correct.

Written in the HOLY BIBLE.

Y E sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
 Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd !
 I scorn the moral fop and ethic sage,
 But drink in truth from your illumin'd page :
 Like Moses' bush, each leaf's divinely bright,
 Where God invests himself in milder light.
 Taught by your doctrines, we devoutly rise ;
 Faith points the way, and hope unbars the skies.
 You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
 And sink the body, but to raise the soul ;
 To raise it, bear it, to mysterious day,
 Nor want an angel to direct the way !

TO THE MOTHER.

SAY, while you press, with growing love,
 The darling to your breast,
 And all a mother's pleasures prove,
 Are you entirely blest ?
 Ah ! no ; a thousand tender cares,
 By turns your thoughts employ ;
 Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
 And grief, succeeds to joy.
 Dear innocent, her lovely smiles
 With what delight you view !
 But ev'ry pain the infant feels,
 The mother feels it too.
 Then whispers busy, cruel fear,
 " The child, alas ! may die !"
 And nature prompts the ready tear,
 And heaves the rising sigh.
 Say, does not Heav'n our comforts mix
 With more than equal pain,
 To teach us, if our hearts we fix
 On earth, we fix in vain ?
 Then be our earthly joys resign'd,
 Since here we cannot rest ;
 For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
 To make us fully blest.

PATIENCE

PATIENCE consists in a well pleased submission to the divine will, and a quiet yielding to whatever it pleases the Deity to afflict us with. If we are possessed with a sincere reverence and esteem of God, humility will fortify us with patience to suffer, and not murmur at, his dispensations.

IN every affair of life, despair should give way to hope, and impatience to content; for the hand of Providence is always nearest to us, when perils are most evident.

AFFLICTIONS, if we make a discreet use of them, are messengers of love from Heaven to invite us thither.

A SOUL immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

The Knowledge of God natural to Man.

THAT gracious Pow'r, who from his kindred clay,
Bids man arise to tread the realms of day,
Implants a guide, and tells what will fulfill
His word, or what's repugnant to his will,
The author of our being marks so clear,
That none, but those who will be blind, can err;
Or wherefoe'er we turn th' attentive eyes,
Proofs of a God on ev'ry side arise.
Nature, a faithful mirror, stands to shew
God, in his works, disclos'd to human view.
Whate'er exists beneath the crystal floods,
Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;
The various flow'rs, that spread th' enamell'd mead,
Each plant, each herb, or even the grafs we tread,
Displays Omnipotence: None else could form
The vilest weed, or animate a worm,

Or view the livid wonders of the sky,
 What hand suspends those pond'rous orbs on high?
 The comets flight, the planets mystic dance!
 Are these the works of Providence, or chance?
 Themselves declare that universal cause
 Who fram'd the system, and impos'd their laws.

CHRISTIANITY is not a speculative science,
 but a practical obligation.

PIETY and pride can no more thrive together, than
 health and sickness, light and darkness.

✓ **THOUGH** our nature is imperfect and corrupt,
 yet it is so far improveable, by the grace of God upon
 our own good endeavours, that we all may, though not
 equally, be instruments of his glory, ornaments and
 blessings to this world, and capable of eternal happi-
 ness.

THERE is a certain candour in true virtue, which
 none can counterfeit.

IN the moderate use of lawful things, there can be no
 crime; but in all extremes there is.

“ **WE** cannot (says Amasis in his epistle to Polycrates)
 “ expect in this world an unmixed happiness, without be-
 “ ing tempered with troubles and disasters.”

THE family is the proper province for private wo-
 men to shine in.

TEMPERANCE is a regimen into which all per-
 sons may put themselves.

GOD hath promised pardon to him that repenteth;
 but he hath not promised repentance to him that sin-
 neth.

HEAVEN'S

HEAVEN's favours here are trials, not rewards ;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care,
 And should alarm us full as much as woes ;
 Awake us to their cause and consequence,
 O'er our scan'd conduct give a jealous eye,
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert.

TO man's false optics (from his folly false)
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepid with his age.
 Behold him when pass'd by ! what then is seen
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast, cry out at his career.

A D R E A M.

TORTUR'D with pain, as late I sleepless lay,
 Oppress'd with care, impatient for the day,
 Just at the dawn, a gentle slumber came,
 And to my wand'ring fancy brought this dream.

Methought my pains were hush'd, and I was laid
 In earth's cold lap, among the silent dead ;
 Prop'd on my arm, I view'd, with vast surprize,
 This last retreat of all the great and wise ;
 Where fool, with knave, in friendly consort lies.
 Whilst thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
 In beggar's garb, with loathsome filth besmear'd ;
 His carcass, Lazar like, was crusted o'er
 With odious leprosy, one horrid fore.

This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my side,
 Good Heaven !—how great a shock to mortal pride ;
 Enrag'd I cry'd—“ Friend, keep the distance due

“ To us of rank, from beggars such as you ;
 “ Observe some manners, and do me the grace,
 “ To move far off, and quit your betters place.”

“ And what art thou ? audacious (he reply'd !)
 “ That thus dost shew such reliques of thy pride ?

“ What tho' in life the harder lot was mine,

“ Of ease and plenty ev'ry blessing thine,

“ Yet

" Yet here, distinctions cease ; a beggar's dust
 " Shall rise with kings—more happy if more just.
 " Till then we both one common mass shall join,
 " And spite of scorn, my ashes mix with thine."

O N W R I T I N G.

BLESS'D be the man, his memory at least,
 That found the art, thus to unfold his breast,
 And taught succeeding times an easy way,
 Their secret thoughts by letters to convey ;
 To baffle absence, and secure delight,
 Which, till that time, was limited to fight.
 The parting farewell spoke the last adieu,
 The less'ning distance past, then loss of view ;
 The friend was gone, which some kind moments gave,
 And absence separated like the grave.

When for a wife the youthful Patriarch sent,
 The camels, jewels, and a servant went,
 And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow,
 But not a line that might the lover shew.
 The rings and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms ;
 But had she known of melting words the charms,
 That under secret seals in ambush lie,
 To catch the soul when drawn into the eye,
 The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
 Nor her soft heart in chains of hair been ty'd.

WERE it lawful and becoming in man to choose his
 circumstances in life, a mediocrity would perhaps be the
 most useful, and the freest from temptation ; though not-
 withstanding these advantages, some might think it not
 the most desirable. Opulence may tempt us to dissipa-
 tion, indolence, sensuality, and total forgetfulness of
 God ; poverty, to envy, falshood, dishonesty, and per-
 jury. Let us, therefore, say with Agur, " Give me
 " neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food conve-
 " nient for me ; lest I be full and deny thee, and say,
 " Who is the Lord ? or be poor and steal, and take the
 " name

" name of my God in vain." But even those Christians, who move in this middle sphere, have their sorrows and their joys ; they feel some degree of pain, some proportionable measure of anxiety and care ; they taste a bitter mixed with every sweet, and they find a faithful monitor within, who tells them that the earth is not their portion, was not given as their rest, nor intended as their home.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

To MIRA, on removing into the Country.

MIRA, while on earth we stay,
Change our residence we may :
Change it often, and yet still
May be happy if we will.
Virtue still shall be our care,
The Deity is every where ;
Every where to bless the good,
Seen, tho' little understood.
Seen his wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
When we cultivate the flow'r ;
Wisdom all its hues disclose,
Its perfume with goodness glows.
Finite pow'rs in Heav'n or earth
Could not give the charmer birth.
God shall send, our board to spread,
Healthful herbage from the bed ;
Cooling fruit from every bough,
Milk and butter from the cow ;
From the hive, the comb replete,
Such as was Israel's Canaan treat ;

Chicks

Chicks that once before our door
 Pick'd the crumbs, and ask'd for more ;
 Pigs that grunted in our sty ;
 Lambs that skip'd when we were by ;
 This is goodness in excess,
 Oh ! how Heav'n delights to bless.
 From the vine the gen'rous juice,
 Not for luxury but use,
 Pour'd for Mira, pour'd for me—
 If content, how happy we.

Wherefoe'er we turn our eyes,
 How the varying prospects rise !
 Fertiliz'd by sun and rain,
 Earth how cloth'd with grafs and grain !
 Groves with musick fill our ears,
 How the God, the God, appears !
 He o'er barren hill and dale
 Bade the farmer's toil avail ;
 Gave the linnet's note refin'd,
 With its joys to charm mankind.
 Mira, what so clear as this,
 Joy in others, gives us blifs ?
 With our superfluous store,
 Let us clothe and feed the poor.
 Worth that from the publick flies,
 Let us seek and patronize ;
 Worth that hopes for no display,
 'Till that all disclosing day ;
 Mira ! then may you and I,
 Claim a mansion in the sky.

FORTITUDE has its extremes, as well as the rest
 of the virtues ; and ought, like them, to be always at-
 tended with prudence.

THE end of learning is, to know God, and out of
 that knowledge, to love him, and to imitate him, as
 we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.

CICERO

CICERO says, " Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason, would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them."

AS to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of a man.

A VIRTUOUS habit of mind is so absolutely necessary to influence the whole life, and beautify every particular action; to overbalance or repel all the gilded charms of avarice, pride, and self-interest, that a man deservedly procures the lasting epithets of good or bad, as he appears either swayed by it, or regardless of it.

A MAN of virtue is an honour to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the world. He is rich, without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

ANGER may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rest only in the bosom of fools.

WHEN the last hour seems to be approaching, all terrestrial advantages are viewed with indifference; and the value that we once set upon them, is disregarded or forgotten. And if the same thought was always predominant, we should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out ourselves in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

TO him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the Universe, no difficulty should seem insurmountable.

WE

WE have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise.

A HYMN.—Psalm VIIIth.

LORD! how illustrious is thy name,
 Whose pow'r both Heav'n and earth proclaim!
 When I the Heav'ns, thy fabric, see,
 The moon and stars, disposed by thee;
 O! what is man, or his frail race,
 That thou should'st such a shadow grace?
 Next to thy angels most renown'd,
 With majesty and glory crown'd!
 All that on dales and mountains feed,
 All that the woods and deserts breed,
 Whate'er thro' airy regions flees,
 Or swims in deep and stormy seas,
 Thou all beneath his feet hast laid,
 King of thy whole creation made.
 Lord! how illustrious is thy name,
 Whose pow'r both Heav'n and earth proclaim!

I ENVY no one's birth or fame,
 Their title, train, or dress;
 Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim,
 Beyond what I possess.
 I ask not, wish not, to appear
 More beauteous, rich, or gay,
 Lord make me wiser every year,
 And better every day!

A WISE and virtuous man can never be proud; nor can he be exalted in his thoughts at any advantages he has above others; because he is conscious of his own weakness and inability to become either wise or virtuous, by any thing he finds in his own power: and his sense of the goodness of the bountiful God in bestowing upon him more abundantly, what he has been pleased
 more

more sparingly to vouchsafe to others, will inspire his soul with humility, thankfulness, and adoration.

MEN generally love to have their praises proclaimed, not whispered. There are not many who can have the patience to stay till the day of judgment, to receive the approbation and applause of their good actions.

Verfes written on the Severity of Winter.

WHILE the fierce winter rages all around,
And the hard earth's with frofty fetters bound;
While clothes its surface a thin garb of fnow,
And rapid rivers now no longer flow:
Tho' keen the piercing cold, the vital flood
The rich can warm with raiment, fire, and food;
But whence the poor enable to fustain
Oppreffive want, and hunger's urgent pain?
How is it, naked, hungry—they can bear,
In their defencelefs ftate, the piercing air?
Whence fhall their wants the juft fupply receive?
Ought man refufe, when God empow'rs to give?
None can—but thofe in whom compaffion fails;
In whom nor love of God nor man prevails;
In whom all ferious fenfe of duty's loft,
Colder their hearts than fnow, and harder than the froft.

ALL have their frailties. Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he feeks; we love ourfelves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner.

THERE is nothing fo engaging as a benevolent difpofition. This temper makes a man's behaviour inoffenfive, affable, and obliging; it multiplies friends, and difarms the malice of an enemy.

A MAN without complaifance, ought to have a great deal of merit in the room of it.

HE whose honest freedom makes it his virtue to speak what he thinks, makes it his necessity to think what is good.

HYMN for the MORNING.

ON thee, each morning, O my God!
 My waking thoughts attend;
 In whom are founded all my hopes,
 And all my wishes end.
 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys,
 And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares,
 Her sacrifice of praise.
 Thou lead'st me thro' the maze of sleep,
 And bring'st me safe to light,
 And with the same paternal care,
 Conduct'st my steps till night.
 When ev'ning slumbers press mine eyes,
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit
 My wearied limbs to rest.
 My spirit, in thy hand secure,
 Fears no approaching ill;
 For, whether waking or asleep,
 Thou, Lord! art with me still.
 What fit return can I, weak flesh,
 Make to Almighty Pow'r,
 For so much goodness, so much love!
 Such mercies ev'ry hour!
 I'll daily, to th' astonish'd world,
 His wond'rous acts proclaim,
 Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
 With me shall bless his name.
 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still,
 The growing work pursue;
 And him alone will praise, to whom
 Alone all praise is due.

IT is a sign of great prudence, to be willing to receive instruction ; the most intelligent person sometimes stands in need of it.

THERE is nothing more disagreeable than continual jesting. By endeavouring to purchase the reputation of being pleasant, a man loses the advantage of being thought wise.

IT is ungenerous to give a person occasion to blush at his own ignorance in any one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

THE greatest wisdom of speech, is to know when, and what, and where to speak ; the time, matter, and manner. The next to it, is silence.

AS we should never construe that in earnest, which is spoken in jest ; so we should not speak that in jest, which may be construed in earnest.

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities ; to observe his imperfections more than his virtues !

AS, amongst wise men, he is the wisest who thinks he knows least ; so, amongst fools, he is the greatest who thinks he knows most.

THERE is far more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of ; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence ; and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those that are beneficent and liberal.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;

Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has fet me free.
 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford ;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.
 As by the light of op'ning day,
 The stars are all conceal'd ;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
 Now, Lord ! I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to thee ;
 But may I hope that thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me ?
 Yes—tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt thy will ;
 For if thou had'st not lov'd me first
 I had refus'd thee still.

ALPHONSUS, king of Sicily, being asked what he would reserve for himself, who gave so much away, Even those things, said he, that I do give, for the rest I esteem as nothing.

NO character is more attractive of universal respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition of helping themselves.

THE temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular ; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

✓ SOCRATES said, " All the treasures of the earth " were not to be compared to the least virtue of the soul."

THE gifts of the mind are able to cover the defects of the body ; but the perfections of the body cannot hide the imperfections of the mind.

THOUGH

THOUGH prudence may oblige a man to secure a competency, yet never was any one by right reason induced to seek superfluities.

RICHNESS of dress contributes nothing to a man of sense, but rather makes his sense inquired into. The more the body is set off, the mind appears the less.

THE greatest pleasure wealth can afford us, is that of doing good.

OF all the things this world affords us, the possession and enjoyment of wisdom alone is immortal. A strict adherence to virtue, and a well regulated life, renders our pleasures more solid and lasting.

IF we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom, we shall never live without true pleasure, but learn to be pleased with every thing. We shall be pleased so far with wealth, as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for; and with obscurity, for being unenvied.

The ANGLER and the PHILOSOPHER.

BESIDE a gentle murm'ring brook,
 An angler took his patient stand:
 He ey'd the stream with anxious look,
 And wav'd his rod with cautious hand.
 The bait with nicest art was drest,
 The fishes left their safe retreat,
 And one more eager than the rest,
 Look'd, long'd, and swallow'd the deceit.
 Too late she felt the poignant smart,
 Her pitying friends her fate deplore,
 The angler, with well practis'd art,
 Hook'd, play'd, and drew her to the shore:
 Lur'd by the beauty of the day,
 The sun now sinking in the sky,

A sage pursu'd his walk that way,
 And saw the bleeding victim lie.
 Far in the vale of years declin'd,
 He watch'd the course of nature's law;
 And thus with philosophic mind,
 He moraliz'd on what he saw.
 Indulge, a while, the pensive vein,
 And fix this image in your mind,
 You've hook'd a fish—observe its pain,
 And view the state of human kind.
 Fate gives us line, we shift the scene,
 And jocund traverse to and fro,
 Pain, sickness, still will intervene,
 We feel the hook where'er we go.
 If proudly, we our schemes extend,
 And look beyond the present hour,
 We find our straiten'd prospects end,
 And own an over-ruling pow'r.
 Awhile we sport, awhile lament,
 Fate checks the line, and we are gone;
 Dragg'd from our wonted element
 To distant climes, untry'd, unknown.

IT is no common blessing to meet with a faithful, sensible, and discreet friend; faithful to conceal nothing from us; sensible to remark our faults; and discreet to reprehend us for them. But to be able to believe and follow his advice, is indeed a real happiness. It frequently happens, that we take a pride in following our own conceits; like those travellers that lose their way for want of taking a guide, or inquiring after the road.

SLANDER is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation is his defence.

BEWARE what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.

Who

Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Inscription over the Door of a Gentleman's Retreat.

BENEATH this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, liberty, content, and virtue dwell;
Say you who dare this happy place disdain,
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train?

VIRTUE's the friend of life, the foul of health,
The poor man's comfort, and the rich man's wealth.

IT is not sufficient, that the Christian avoid only the commission of known actual sins; for more is certainly required of him who is commanded to abstain from all appearance of evil; who is to speak the truth to his neighbour, and so to walk that he may be pronounced blameless and without rebuke in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. Circumspection in the ordering of our speech, is, in some respects, perhaps, as necessary for the ornament of religion, as the outward deportment of our conduct in the world; or, at least, as necessary for the approbation of him, who, as one expresses, "Views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives;" or, to use words still more awful, who hath declared, that "Every idle word which men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."

DISCRETION does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action, and is like an under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

IMPRINT this maxim deeply in your mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal state; by which means you will avoid being transported with prosperity, and being dejected in adversity.

O! BORN

O! BORN for nobler ends! dare to be wise;
 'Tis not e'en now too late, assert thy claim;
 Rugged the path conducting to the skies,
 But the fair prize is an immortal fame.

HOUSEHOLD affairs ought insensibly to slide
 along, and represent a still current without noise or
 waves.

CLEARNESS is the rule of speaking, as sincerity is
 the rule of thinking. Too bright fallies of wit, like flashes
 of lightning, rather dazzle than illuminate.

LESSONS and precepts ought to be gilded and
 sweetened as we do pills and potions, so as to take off
 the disgust of the remedy; for it holds both in virtue and
 in health, that we love to be instructed as well as physick'd
 with pleasure.

Verfes sent to a young Woman, with a CARNATION
 growing in a Flower-Pot.

WHILE this gay flower attracts thy eager sight,
 And gives to every feeling sense delight,
 Let its best use thy better thoughts employ,
 And yield thee profit, while it gives thee joy.
 Like thee in beauty's fairest noon it blows,
 Flames as the sun, and as the ruby glows;
 But time, that fixes every mortal's fate,
 Marks its short exit, and uncertain date.
 Thus the bright charms of youth and love decay,
 As the fine flower that scents a summer's day.
 Soon will the spoils of time thy mind engage,
 And e'en thy beauty wither into age;
 Amid the frolicks of engaging youth,
 Be thine the care to hoard the charms of truth:
 To mark the moment fancy's pow'rs decay,
 And place thy blifs beyond the fleeting day.

A TREE

A TREE that is every year transplanted, will never bear fruit; and a mind that is always hurried from its proper station, will scarce ever do good in any.

SUPPOSING men were to live for ever in this world, it would be hardly possible to do more towards their establishment here, than they now do.

LIBERALITY should have such a mixture of prudence, as not to exceed the ability of the giver.

WITH a false companion, it is hard to retain innocence; be therefore very cautious in choosing your company.

RESOLVE to speak and act well in company, in opposition to those that do ill; whose vice set against thy virtue, will render it the more conspicuous and excellent.

An Elegy written when the Bells were tolling for the
Interment of a Corpse.

HARK! how the solemn peal begins,
And sounds the sad alarm;
Forfake, it cries, forfake your sins,
And shun impending harm.
Behold! the corpse approaching near,
View there your transient state;
Bestow at least one pious tear,
And with submission wait.
'Ere long this melancholy scene,
Shall on your hearse attend;
With haste employ the space between,
To make of God your friend.
Then shall your mind feel sweet repose,
Nor care disturb your rest,
Virtue alone this peace bestows,
And thus rewards the blest.

SLIGHT

SLIGHT not those joys Heaven's bounty doth bestow,
 Pursuing what was never found below;
 So many ills in stormy life abound,
 " In Heaven alone true happiness is found."

The Close of the Year.

AS rapid rolls the year away,
 Down the swift current of the times,
 A moment let the reader stay,
 And mark the moral of my rhimes.
 As rivers glide towards the sea,
 And sink and lose them in the main,
 So man declines—and what is he?
 His hope, his wish, alas, how vain!
 Fast goes the year, but still renew'd,
 The ball of time knows no decay;
 Sure signal of that greatest good,
 We hope in God's eternal day.

YOUR wit may make clear things doubtful; but it is
 your prudence to make doubtful things clear.

IN conversation, a man of good sense will seem to be
 less knowing, to be more obliging, and choose to be on a
 level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority
 of his genius.

IT is according to nature, to be merciful; for no man
 that hath not divested himself of humanity, can be hard-
 hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himself.

TRUE honour, as defined by Cicero, is the concurrent
 approbation of good men; such only being fit to give true
 praise, who are themselves praise-worthy.

NOBILITY is to be considered only as an imagi-
 nary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of
 those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained.
 Titles of honour, conferred upon such as have no personal
 merit to deserve them, are at best but the royal stamp set
 upon base metal.

TO

T O P E A C E.

COME, lovely, gentle peace of mind,
 With all thy smiling nymphs around,
 Content and innocence combin'd,
 With wreath of sacred olive crown'd.
 Come, thou that lov'st the walk at eve,
 The banks of murm'ring streams along,
 That lov'st the crowded court to leave,
 And hear the milk-maid's simple song;
 That lov'st, with contemplation's eye,
 The head-long cataract to view,
 That foams and thunders from on high,
 While echoes oft the sound renew;
 That lov'st the dark sequester'd wood,
 Where silence spreads her brooding wings,
 Nor less the lake's translucent flood,
 The mossy grotts and bubbling springs.
 With thee, the lamp of wisdom burns,
 The guiding light to realms above;
 With thee, the raptur'd mortal learns
 The wonders of celestial love.
 With thee, the poor have endless wealth,
 And sacred freedom glads the slave;
 With thee, the sick rejoice in health,
 The weak are strong, the fearful brave.
 O lovely, gentle peace of mind,
 Be thou on earth my constant guest;
 With thee, whate'er in life I find,
 This pledge of Heav'n shall make me blest.

A S no man lives so happy, but to some his life would
 seem unpleasant; so we find none so miserable, but one
 shall hear of another that would change calamities with
 him.

H E that is ashamed to be seen in a mean condition,
 would probably be proud of a splendid one.

ENDEAVOUR

✓ **ENDEAVOUR** to make peace among thy neighbours. It is a worthy and reputable action, and will bring greater and juster commendations to thee, and more benefit to those with whom thou conversest, than wit or learning, or any of those so much admired accomplishments.

PREFER solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say any thing that may offend modesty.

BE slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few. Slight no man for his meanness, nor esteem any for their wealth and greatness alone.

✓ **AN** idle body is a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them; that they do not know what to do with themselves. How absurd are such expressions, among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

✓ **WHETHER** amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant hills with eastern light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;

The

The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces shew.
 The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns ;
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost.
 No distant landskips draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still e'en now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand ;
 Million's of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere.
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes ;
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
 But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
 Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends ;
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise.
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we, in sleep's embraces, waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes ;
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

H

When

When the poor soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

AS riches are in general the means of procuring some of the comforts, and almost all the conveniencies of life, we most commonly think that happiness is annexed to the possession of them. We, therefore, toil and labour for abundance; and when abundance is obtained, we find as many wants, as many cares, and as many sorrows, as when humble poverty was our only burthen; when industry procured the necessaries of life; or when mediocrity of circumstances placed us beyond the reach of want.

IT is our business to follow the leadings of Divine Providence, as the best and wisest rule for our conduct in every stage and circumstance of life. If worldly affluence is to be the portion of the labouring man, the hand of God will point out the way, and he will surmount the greatest difficulties.

LET us be particularly careful to shun all occasion of superfluous discourse, and watch over our words, that we utter nothing but what may tend to the glory of God, or the good of our neighbour.

HE that does good for virtue's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

THIS fib'rous frame, by nature's kindly law,
 Which gives each joy to keen sensation here,
 O'er purer scenes of bliss the veil may draw,
 And cloud reflection's more exalted sphere.

When

When death's cold hand, with all-dissolving pow'r,
 Shall the close tie with friendly stroke unbind,
 Alike our mortal, as our natal hour,
 May to new being wake the rising mind;
 On death's new genial day the soul may rise,
 Born to some higher life, and hail some brighter skies.

THIS is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And nips his root.

SO fond of liberty is man, that to restrain him from
 any thing, however indifferent, is sufficient to make that
 thing an object of desire.

NO man ever did a designed injury to another, without
 doing a greater to himself.

MAN's chief good is an upright mind, which no
 earthly power can bestow, nor take from him.

TAKE no advantage of the ignorance, necessity, or
 prodigality of any man, for that gain can never be blest.

UPON whatsoever foundation happiness is built, when
 that foundation fails, happiness must be destroyed: for
 which reason, it is wisdom to choose such a foundation for
 it, as is not liable to destructive accidents.

IF happiness be founded upon riches, it lies at the
 mercy of theft, deceit, oppression, war, and tyranny;
 if upon fine houses, and costly furniture, one spark of
 fire is able to consume it; if upon wife, children, friends,
 health, or life, a thousand diseases, and ten thousand
 accidents, have power to destroy it; but, if it be founded
 upon the infinite bounty and goodness of God, and upon
 those virtues that entitle to his favour, its foundation is
 unmoveable, and its duration eternal.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

FAST by the margin of her native flood,
 Whose fertile waters are well known to fame,
 Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princess flood,
 And rich in bounty as the gen'rous stream.
 When, lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
 The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
 Soon she, who melted at each mortal's care,
 With tend'rest pity sought the babe's relief.
 The babe, adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
 But to the last distress expos'd, appears,
 His infant softness pleads a milder doom,
 And speaks with all the eloquence of tears.
 The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
 And with compassion view'd the weeping child;
 She snatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
 And kiss'd the infant—the sweet infant smil'd.
 Again she clasps him with a fond embrace,
 Yet more she pities the young stranger's woe;
 She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
 Her own the while in pious plenty flow.
 Now, cruel father, thy harsh law I see,
 And feel that rigour which the Hebrews mourn;
 O! that I could reverse the dire decree,
 Which dooms the babe a wretch as soon as born!
 But that, alas! exceeds my slender pow'r—
 And must this tender innocent be slain?
 Poor harmless babe! born in a luckless hour,
 Yet sweet as ever sooth'd a mother's pain.
 Must thou, poor undeserving infant, die?
 No! in my bosom ev'ry danger shun;
 A princess shall thy parents loss supply,
 And thou art worthy to be call'd her son.

SENECA himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling sta-
tions

tions are obliged to be content with presents something less, while the poor beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is thought to be well paid if a single farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

SELF-DENIAL is the most exalted pleasure; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

THE true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the best means to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

HOW ought every testimony of God's goodness to excite our love, our gratitude and praise! The smallest temporal advantage is a blessing, to which we have no title; if we have food and raiment, they are more than we deserve.

WHY are we commanded to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," if not to teach us, among other things, our daily dependance upon God as the dispenser of all our temporal blessings? Our various wants return with the morning; and to whom should we look, but to him who is able to supply them? We need his direction through the perplexities and difficulties of every day; and without his blessing and support, we can effect nothing to any valuable purpose. In the evening, we seek rest in vain, unless he give slumber to the eye-lids, and sleep to the eyes: and as there are wants common to every family, and what all its members constantly experience, they ought certainly to unite in supplicating the same Divine Goodness, and also in returning thanks for the mercies of which they have all been joint partakers.

THE neglect of any spiritual duty, arises from a declension of religion in the soul. Were we to live more under the sensible enjoyment of divine love, we should be more active, vigorous, and steady in the performance of every divine precept or command. The ways of God would not then appear either burthensome, or grievous, but as they truly are "Ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace."

THE discontents of the poor are much easier allayed, than those of the rich.

ON GOD.

WHAT tho' no object strike upon the sight,
Thy sacred presence is an inward light.
What tho' no sound shall penetrate the ear,
To list'ning faith the voice of truth is clear,
Sincere devotion wants no outward shrine,
The centre of an humble soul is thine.
There may I worship, and there may'st thou raise
Thy seat of glory, and thy throne of grace;
Yea, fix (if Christ my advocate appear)
The strict tribunal of thy justice there.
Let each vain thought, and each impure desire,
Meet in thy wrath with a consuming fire.
Thou too can'st raise (though punishing for sin)
The joys of peaceful penitence within;
Thy justice and thy mercy both are sweet;
Thou mak'st our sufferings and salvation meet.
Befal me, then, whatever God shall please,
His wounds are healing, and his griefs give ease.
He is the true physician of the soul,
Applies the med'cine that can make it whole.
I'll do, I'll suffer, whatsoe'er he wills;
I see his aim thro' all these transient ills:
'Tis to ensure a salutary grief,
To fit the mind to absolute relief;
Till purg'd from ev'ry false and finite love,
Dead to the world, alive to things above;
The soul renew'd, as in its first form'd youth,
Shall worship God in spirit and in truth.

NONE should be so implacable, as to refuse an humble submission: he whose very best actions must be seen with favourable allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving.

A PASSIONATE temper renders a man unfit for advice; deprives him of his reason; robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature. It makes him unfit for conversation;

conversation; destroys friendship; changes justice into cruelty; and turns all order into confusion.

T H E R E is no greater sign of a mean and fordid spirit, says Cicero, than to doat upon riches; nor is any thing more magnificent, than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.

A F I R M trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind, that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

D I V I N E Providence always places the remedy near the evil. There is not any duty, to which Providence has not annexed a blessing; nor any affliction, for which he has not provided a remedy.

A G O O D conscience, and a contented mind, will make a man happy in all conditions.

H E that overcomes his passions, conquers his greatest enemies.

T H E desire of being thought wise, is often an hinderance to being so; for such a one is more solicitous to let the world see what knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

A W I S E man endeavours to shine in himself; a fool to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities; the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in others. The wise man considers what he wants; and the fool, what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation; and the fool, when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

N O knowledge, which terminates in curiosity and speculation, is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so which consists in a due care and just notion of ourselves.

OF

OF all parts of wisdom, the practice is the best. Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of his time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.

THOUGH it be an argument of a great wit, to give ingenious reasons for many wonderful appearances in nature ; yet, it is an evidence of small judgment, to be positive in any thing but the knowledge of our own ignorance.

THE highest learning is, to be wise ; and the greatest wisdom is to be good.

INSTEAD of labouring in nice learning and intricate sciences ; instead of trifling away precious time upon the secrets of nature, or mysteries of state, it were better to seek that only which is really and substantially good.

TRUE philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

THE best people need afflictions for trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well ? Or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies ?

THE most excellent of all moral virtues, is to have a low esteem of ourselves, which has this particular advantage, that it attracts not the envy of others.

IF a man should forsake a kingdom, and all the world, if he cannot renounce himself, he has hardly done any thing.

WHATSOEVER convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under a continual jealousy and suspicion ; so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, when perhaps he means honestly.

Reflection

Reflection by a Person in his Sixtieth Year.

PLAC'D on the world's distracted stage,
 And forc'd to act a joyless part,
 Why should I shrink at creeping age,
 Which warns me friendly to depart?
 Why do I rather not rejoice,
 That I my hapless course have ran;
 And, rul'd by wisdom's heav'nly voice,
 Make my last exit like a man?
 Fierce tho' affliction's billows roll,
 And deep distress deforms the scene;
 If innocence secure the soul,
 Vain is the rage, the tumult vain.
 Serene she smiles, yet smiling sighs,
 To quit this darksome, dull abode;
 Wishing to win her native skies,
 And find a lasting rest in God.
 Weary'd, then let me quit the strife;
 Kind Heav'n assent, and set me free!
 For why should I be fond of life,
 When life itself is tir'd of me!

ORDER is Heaven's first law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
 More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence,
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

BE careful not to endeavour to imitate other men's
 ways, except it be in their essential virtues.

THE distribution of all our temporal mercies is wisely
 regulated by the hand of God. Some men are favoured
 with a large share of worldly blessings; some with
 things just necessary and convenient; while some, equally
 deserving, have scarcely whereon to lay their heads. The
 disposal of these things is the work of God: he maketh
 poor and maketh rich; he bringeth low and lifteth up;
 and none have a right to say to him, What dost thou?

EVERY

EVERY serious person must trace the marks of an invisible hand in all the variegated paths of life. He must acknowledge, that it is not in man who walketh, to direct his steps; yea, he will rejoice to find they are ordered by the Lord, who delighteth in his way. And were we more observant of the hand of Providence, many of our inquiries would be needless; we should see the path marked out before us; and if at any time through mistake we should turn either to the right hand or to the left, we should hear a still small voice whispering behind, "This is the way, walk in it."

The Contented Swain.

I SEEK not India's pearly shore,
Nor western climes will I explore;
Nor 'midst the world's tumultuous strife,
Will waste what now remains of life.
I seek not aught that me may lead,
From tufted grove or flow'ry mead;
Or from my native swains among,
Who listen to my artless song.
For nought Golconda's gems avail,
In this sequester'd humble dale;
Nor joys can crowded cities yield,
Like those of hill or daisy'd field.
Calm as the summer evening's sun,
May here my glass of life be run!
And bright as is his parting ray,
My prospect of a future day!
Mean while, the lab'ring hind to cheer,
To wipe the widow's falling tear,
Such tranquil pleasures will bestow,
As riot's sons can never know.
This, this be mine! the speaking eye
Shall then the sculptur'd stone supply;
As o'er my turf the rustics bend,
The poor shall say, "Here lies our friend."

LET

LET your promises be sincere, and so prudently considered, as not to exceed the reach of your ability : he who promises more than he is able to perform, disgraces himself ; and he who does not perform what he has promised, is false to his friend.

THE immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with less regret than it would leave the splendour of a palace ; and the breathless dust sleep as quietly beneath the grassy turf, as under the parade of a costly monument. These are insignificant circumstances, to a spirit doomed to an endless duration of misery or bliss.

AS the belief of a God is the foundation of all religion, there can be no religion without faith ; but as true religion includes virtue, religion cannot be perfect without works.

AMAZ'D, the wonders of thy God behold !
And meditate his mercies manifold.
Oh ! happy time, when shaking off this clay,
The human soul at liberty shall stray
Thro' all the works of nature ! shall descry
Those objects which evade the mortal eye.
No distance, then, shall stretch beyond its flight,
No smallness 'scape its penetrating sight ;
But, in their real essence, shall be shewn,
Worlds unexplor'd, creations yet unknown.

REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, oh ! my heart, overflowing with happiness ! are the sentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted, either in the solemnities of publick worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy Maker, who does not govern, but to bless ! whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness ! Let thy law, Almighty ! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end,

end, of all I do. Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No; it is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the donor from my thought; nor the love of pleasures make me forsake the fountain from which they flow. When joys lence, let me ask their title to my heart; when evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud, and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licentiousness, let me not take comfort from the number of those who do amiss; an omen rather of publick ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. In this day of domineering pleasures, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on tomorrow; a dependence that is the ruin of to-day, as that is of eternity. Let my whole existence be ever before me, nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere, and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still. And since, O Lord! the fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom, and, in its progress, its secret shield, turn the world intirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy blessed fear, in its stead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread: which hews out broken cisterns, that hold no water; a world, in which even they, whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty! in heaven, in earth, but thee—I will seek thy face; bless thy name; sing thy praises; love thy law; do thy will; enjoy thy peace; hope thy glory, till my final hour!

Thus

Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and soften evil, in the present life; and when death summonses, I shall sleep sweetly in the dust, till his mighty Conqueror bids the trumpet sound, and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

ALL pleasures are imperfect here below;
Our sweetest joys are mix'd with bitter woe;
The draught of bliss, when in our goblet cast,
Is dash'd with grief, or spilt before we taste.

CONTENTED poverty's no dismal thing,
Free from the cares unwieldy riches bring.
At distance, both alike deceive our view;
Nearer approach'd, they take another hue.
The poor man's labour relishes his meat;
His morsel's pleasant, and his rest is sweet:
Not so the rich, who find their weary'd taste
Pall'd with the prospect of the cumb'rous feast;
For what they have more than they can enjoy,
Instead of satisfying, does but cloy.

The DIVINE PRESENCE.

THE high and mighty King of kings
Whose praise the whole creation sings,
Hath fix'd, in love to human kind,
His blessed image in our mind.—
The lines are strong, the picture fair,
No need of anxious search and care;
Look but within, and strait appears,
The signature all nature wears!

Where'er I am, howe'er oppress'd,
This Heav'nly portrait in my breast
Inspires, with confidence divine,
And comfort flows from ev'ry line!
Thro' dangers numberless I go,
Yet weather all the storms that blow—
To lead me to the peaceful shore,
My God and guide is still before!

At night, before I close my eyes,
 And in the morning, when I rise.
 I pray for safety, health, and grace,
 And still the Lord before me place !
 He sheds his odours round my head,
 And makes me sleep secure in bed ;
 In all the labours of the day,
 He goes before and points the way !
 Soon as my passions wild prevail,
 And faith and reason both assail ;
 When strong temptations spread their net,
 Before me still the Lord I set ;
 His presence can the passions lay,
 And teach them reason to obey ;
 Temptation's charms soon disappear,
 And truth succeeds when God is near !
 When sorrows upon sorrows roll,
 And sharpest arrows pierce my soul ;
 When deepest sunk in black despair,
 I lift my eyes and heart in pray'r !
 Just when all human help had fail'd,
 And friend and neighbour nought avail'd,
 This best of friends, in constant view,
 Shews what himself alone can do !
 Thro' all the future ills of life,
 Amidst contempt, reproach, and strife,
 I'll set the Lord before me still,
 And live obedient to his will !
 So when thro' death's dark vale I move,
 He will a light before me prove ;
 Conduct me safe to endless joy,
 And mark me out some blest employ.

✓ WHEN the oil of grace actuates the soul, the wheels
 of obedience move with celerity ; but when this is want-
 ing, every duty, if not neglected, will be indifferently
 performed.

TRUE

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise: it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives ~~no~~ addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres, and assemblies; and has no existence, but when she is looked upon.

IF good we plant not, vice will fill the mind,
 And weeds despoil the space for flow'rs design'd.
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,
 Bad tends to worse, and better leads to best:
 We either gain or lose, we sink or rise,
 Nor rests our struggling nature till she dies.
 Those very passions that our peace invade,
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made.
 Then rise, my friend, above terrestrial aims,
 Direct the ardour which your breast inflames,
 To that pure region of eternal joys,
 Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy's;
 Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bow'rs,
 Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs;
 Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
 Or poets warmest visions ever knew:
 Press eager onward to those blissful plains,
 Where one unbounded spring for ever reigns!

LEARN to pursue virtue from the man that is blind,
 who never makes a step, without first examining the ground
 with his staff.

SET bounds to your zeal by discretion; to error by truth; to passion by reason; and to division by charity.

THE path of virtue is the path of peace; in that only we can travel with safety, or rationally hope to enjoy permanent pleasures.

Let useless riches ne'er engross my care,
The bane of piety, the miser's pray'r;
Yet let my purse the mod'rate store contain,
To satisfy my wants, and ease my pain;
And when the needy at my threshold stand,
To soothe their cares, and fill the craving hand.

C O N T E N T.

HAPPY the man (but oh! how few we find)
Who feels the pleasures of a tranquil mind!
Who meets all blessings in content alone,
Nor knows a station happier than his own!
No anxious cares disturb his peaceful breast,
With life content, and with contentment blest;
No pangs he feels to break his calm repose;
No envy fears, for he no envy knows.
To man still faithful, and to God resign'd,
His body subject to its lord, the mind.
He must be good—for surely Heav'n ne'er meant,
Without strict virtue, to bestow content.
'Tis not the glory false ambition brings,
The wealth of misers, or the pow'r of kings;
Nor all the fleeting joys by man possess'd,
Can give this earthly frame that heav'nly guest.
Whate'er the muse of love or glory sings,
Virtue alone the sacred stranger brings.

CONSCIENCE distateful truths may tell,
But mark her sacred lessons well!
Whoever lives with her at strife,
Loses his better friend for life.

THE

THE line of human understanding, is undoubtedly too short to fathom the depths of the divine dispensations; and the most enlarged capacity too narrow, to comprehend the ways of Infinite Wisdom.

IT is desirable, for the inward peace and ease of men's own minds within themselves, that they should not be under the power of fretful passions, and the lasting resentments of a revengeful spirit; but that they be meek and gentle, peaceable, and easy to be reconciled: which sweetness of disposition, improved upon religious principles into a habit of meekness, is a virtue reflecting upon itself that calm and sedate satisfaction, which is in a peculiar manner a reward to itself; nor is it less beneficial to the publick, as being the great preservative against that beginning of strife, which Solomon elegantly compares to the letting out of water; that is, the opening of a breach, which no man can be sure to stop, before it proceeds to the most calamitous events:

THERE is no terrestrial good, that can yield that substantial happiness, which is suited to the nature and desires of the human mind; and he who thinks to find it in any thing beneath the sun, is pursuing a phantom, that will elude his chase; and if it seem to loiter for his approach, it will only be to convince him of his folly, to shew him a mistake that he never saw, and of which thousands never thought, till their race terminated in that country, from whence none ever yet returned to own their error, or confess their shame.

WOULD you the bloom of youth should last,
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
 An easy carriage, wholly free
 From sour reserve, or levity;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art.
 These are the charms that ne'er decay,
 Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still brightens virtue and improves.

✓ **BOAST** not of health or beauty, or the days of youth. Delay not the care of the soul, in hopes that you will live to old age, or that you can do all that is required of youth, with respect to religion, on a bed of affliction. Strive, by the grace of God, ever to be in readiness to go hence, and be with our Saviour, which is infinitely better than all that this world can afford; and then you may meet the king of terrors with a placid countenance, and a heart that rejoiceth in hope.

✓ **THEY** enjoy life best, who are best prepared for death; who look not for more happiness from this world, than it is capable of giving; who live righteously, soberly, and piously; who pray to God for the blessings they need, and receive thankfully all good things as his gifts; and who can rejoice in the animating hope of salvation, through a Redeemer.

WHEN you a wilder'd trav'ller meet,
Guide to the road his erring feet;
Or to your roof, if late, invite,
And shield him from the damps of night.
To still the voice of anguish, try
To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;
And every good you can, impart,
With ready hand, and glowing heart;
So shall ye pass, from manhood's stage,
Smoothly along the slope of age.
'Then from the pleasing journey rest,
In peaceful sleep, belov'd and blest.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

FORGET not that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who in mercy often denieth thy requests; yet, for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours, his benevolence hath appointed, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

cess. The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest, behold the root from whence they spring even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy. Murmur not therefore at the dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart; neither say within thyself, If I had wealth or power, or leisure, I should be happy: for know, they all of them bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniencies.

THE poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot. But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his griefs. To be satisfied with a little, is the greatest wisdom; and he that increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not. Yet, if thou sufferest not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of justice or temperance, or charity or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy; but hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath appointed him to run, and happiness the goal which none can arrive at, till he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

AN HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind;
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky,
With more of happiness below;
Than victors in a triumph know;
Whither, oh! whither, art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?

What

What happy regions dost thou please
To make the seat of charms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there;
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd;
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart, which grief affails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thoughts; but learns to know,
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

No real happiness is found
In trailing purple on the ground;
Or in a soul, exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky;
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below.

The rest it seeks—in seeking dies,
And doubts, at last, for knowledge rise.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood;
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper'd as they wav'd;
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the grace,
When thus she spoke—"Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow.
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.

Rais'd

Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
 In Heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone.
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight,
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear and court my song,
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And thee, great Source of Nature, sing!
 The sun, that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day;
 The moon, that shines with borrow'd light,
 The stars, that glad the gloomy night,
 The seas, that roll unnumber'd waves,
 The wood, that spreads its shady leaves,
 The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain;
 All of these, and all I see
 Should be sung, and sung by me;
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want, and ask, the tongue of man.
 Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extremes,
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

G R A T I T U D E.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies it. If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man

to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties, which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

WHEN thou hast done a kindness, or good office to any, be sure thou boast not of it. It is the employment of a great soul, rather to do things worthy to be admired, than to admire what himself hath done.

NOTHING but virtue is capable of making us happy; if other advantages contribute thereto in some measure, it is only in as much as virtue bears them company.

SUPINENESS and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions, than ever were destroyed by excessive labours. Moderate exercise, far from prejudicing, strengthens and consolidates the body.

WE ought never to think too lightly of other people's complaints; but to regard the sorrows of our fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

MAN should weigh well the nature of himself,
 The varying frailness of this flattering world,
 And the true excellence of Heav'n's high Lord;
 Then would he this despise, and trust in him.
 The world deceives us all. In God is truth.
 Let not thy riches or thy power prevail
 To swell thy bosom with conceits of pride;
 Look back, remember those thou hast seen high,
 And mark, if thou hast never seen them sink;
 Let this teach thee. One end awaits us all!
 And when inevitable death commands,
 That we should follow to this dreary realm,
 Matters it much, if from a royal couch,

Or

Or from a mattress, thrown upon the ground,
We rise to take our journey.

The Husbandman's Meditation in the Field.

WITH toilsome steps when I pursue,
O'er breaking clods, the plough-share's way,
Lord! teach my mental eye to view
My native dissoluble clay.
And when with seed I strew the earth,
To thee all praises let me give,
Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,
Whose breath inform'd and bade me live.
Pleas'd, I behold the stately stem
Support its bearded honour's load;
Thus, Lord! sustain'd by thee, I came
To manhood, thro' youth's dang'rous road.
Purging from noxious herbs the grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my mind
From sin, rank weed of deepest stain,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.
When blasts destroy the op'ning ear,
Life, thus replete with various woe,
Warns me to shun, with studious care,
Pride, my most deadly latent foe.
When harvest comes, the yellow crop
Prone to the reaper's sickle yields;
And I beneath death's scythe must drop,
And soon or late forsake these fields.
When future crops, in silent hoards,
Sleep for a while to service dead;
Thy emblem this, oh grave! affords,
The path to life which all must tread.

EVENING HYMN.

INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shewn,
Oh! let my grateful praise and pray'r
Ascend before thy throne.
What mercies has this day bestow'd,
How largely hast thou blest,

My

My cup with plenty overflow'd,
 And with content my breast,
 Safe, 'midst a thousand latent snares,
 Thy careful hand has led ;
 And now, exempt from anxious cares,
 I press the downy bed.
 I fall this night into thy arms,
 Which I have prov'd so kind ;
 Oh ! keep my body from all harms,
 And from all sins my mind.
 Let balmy slumbers close my eyes,
 From pain and sickness free ;
 And let my waking fancy rise,
 To meditate on thee.
 So bless each future day and night,
 'Till life's fond scene is o'er,
 And then, to realms of endless light,
 Oh ! aid my soul to soar.

A little Ode to a little Maid, on her first going out after
 her Birth.

LITTLE zephyrs, loves, and graces,
 Bid each chilling wind be laid,
 Shelter'd in your warm embraces,
 See where comes my little maid.
 With your guardian wings protect her,
 Every motion hover o'er ;
 Thro' her little path direct her,
 She ne'er ventur'd out before.
 Forth she comes, a new born creature,
 How her little blue eyes range !
 Wonder sits on every feature,
 All around is gay and strange.
 Couldst thou, little maid, but paint me,
 What thy little fancy warms,
 Or thy little tongue acquaint me
 'Midst this glitter what most charms.
 To a stranger all's inviting,
 All a morning beauty wears ;

Be the world, as now, delighting,
 Taste its joys, but not its cares !
 Pity, gentlest child of Heav'n,
 Little maid will thee attend ;
 Innocence is also given
 As thy guardian, as thy friend.
 She shall wake thy heart to pleasures,
 Such as virtue can disclose ;
 Give thee love and friendship's treasures,
 Strew thy path with many a rose.
 As in years, in wisdom growing,
 Never from her side depart ;
 Thro' thy future life still shewing
 She had form'd thy youthful heart.
 Let the false world ne'er confound thee,
 From its vices turn thine ear ;
 Shun the bad examples round thee,
 Give them but a sigh !—a tear !
 Thus self-guarded, thus defended,
 Thy experience shall confess,
 Spite of what's by fools pretended,
 Virtue is true happiness !
 Such a blameless tract pursuing,
 Thy perfection's sense shall tell ;
 Oft this little ode reviewing,
 Little maid, I wish thee well.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

THINK, oh my soul, that while friends or strangers
 are engaged on this spot, and reading the date of my
 departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and
 unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time
 well improved, or suffering the sorrows that shall attend
 the abuse of it, in an unknown world of happiness or
 misery.

MODESTY seldom resides in a breast, that is not
 enriched with nobler virtues.

K

MODESTY

MODESTY is always, and justly, supposed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepossessing.

PRAISE bestowed on living merit, is often found to injure the goodness it applauds.

THE ingratitude of the world, can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

TO thee, oh God! thy suppliant lifts his eyes,
 To thee Supreme, Omnipotent, and Just;
 On thee alone for succour he relies,
 And in thy goodness places all his trust.
 Teach me, with patience, meekly to submit
 To whatsoe'er thy wisdom judges best;
 To say, with humble Job—the Lord thinks fit,
 “ Giving or taking let his name be blest.”

SURE 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!
 That awful gulph, no mortal e'er repass'd,
 To tell what's doing on the other side.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies;
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.
 Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

MODESTY is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling

ing in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

RICHES, in the hand of a beneficent man, are a blessing to the publick. Such a one is a steward to Providence, and the noble means of correcting the inequalities of fortune, of relieving the miserable, and spreading happiness to all that are within the reach of his acquaintance.

The Wife's Consolation to her Husband under Affliction.

NO more, lov'd partner of my soul,
 At disappointment grieve,
 Can flowing tears our fate controul,
 Or sighs our woes relieve?
 Adversity is virtue's school,
 To those who right discern;
 Let us observe each painful rule,
 And each hard lesson learn.
 When wintry clouds obscure the sky,
 And Heav'n and earth deform,
 If fix'd the strong foundations lie,
 The castle braves the storm.
 Thus, fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
 Let us endure awhile
 Misfortunes's rude impetuous shock,
 And glory in our toil.
 Ill fortune cannot always last;
 Or, tho' it should remain,
 Yet we each painful moment haste,
 A better world to gain;
 Where calumny no more shall wound,
 Nor faithless friends destroy;
 Where innocence and truth are crown'd
 With never-fading joy.

GOOD discourse is but the reflection or shadow of wisdom; the pure and solid substance, is good actions.

THERE can be no true and sincere pleasure in any sinful and vicious course, though it be attended with all the pomp and splendor of outward happiness and prosperity; for wherever sin and vice is, there must be guilt; and wherever guilt is, the mind will be restless and unquiet.

INDUSTRIOUS wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable. Industry argues an ingenuous, great, and generous disposition of soul, by unweariedly pursuing things in the fairest light, and disdaining to enjoy the fruit of other men's labours, without deserving it.

CONCEITEDNESS and ignorance are a most unhappy composition; for none are so invincible as the half-witted, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

ENDEAVOUR to be religious without superstition; just without rigour; merciful without partiality; cautious without fear; valiant without rashness; and great without pride.

TO endeavour not to please, is ill nature; altogether to neglect it, folly; and to overstrain for it, vanity and design.

WHEN winds the mountain-oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale
Unconscious of the blast.

SWEET are the jasmine's breathing flow'rs,
Sweet the soft-falling vernal show'rs,
Sweet is the gloom the grove affords,
And sweet the notes of warb'ling birds;

But

But not the groves, nor rains nor flow'rs,
 Nor all the feather'd songsters pow'rs,
 Can ever sweet or pleasing be
 O! lovely freedom, without thee.

TEACH me between the two extremes to glide,
 Not brave the stream, nor swim with ev'ry tide;
 But more with charity, than zeal possess't,
 Keep my own faith, yet not condemn the rest.

RELIGION better qualifies all sorts of men, and
 makes them in publick affairs the more serviceable; go-
 vernors apter to rule with conscience; and inferiors, for
 conscience sake, more willing to obey.

LIBERALITY is never so beautiful or engaging,
 as when the hand is concealed which bestows the gift.

OECONOMY is no disgrace, it is better living
 on a little, than outliving a great deal.

H O L Y - D A Y S.

SOME Christians to the Lord observe a day,
 While others to the Lord observe it not;
 And tho' these seem to choose a diff'rent way,
 Yet both at last to the same point are brought.
 Who for the observance pleads, may reason thus—
 " As on this day our Saviour and our King
 " Perform'd some glorious act of love for us,
 " We keep the time in mem'ry of the thing."
 Hence he to Jesus points his good intent,
 With pray'rs and praises celebrates his name;
 And as to Christ alone his love is meant,
 The Lord accepts it—and who dares to blame?
 For tho' the shell indeed is not the meat,
 'Tis not rejected when the meat's within;
 Tho' superstition is a vain conceit,
 Commemoration surely is no sin.

He likewise, that to days has no regard,
 The shadow only for the substance quits ;
 Towards his Saviour's presence presses hard,
 And that preferring outward things omits ;
 For thus within he seriously reflects,
 " My Lord alone I count my only good ;
 All empty forms for him my soul rejects,
 And only seek the riches of his blood.
 All days, in Jesus, is my sole delight,
 The first and worthiest object of my care ;
 For whose dear sake all outward shews I slight,
 Lest aught but him should my devotion share."
 Let not the observer therefore entertain,
 Against his brother any secret grudge ;
 And let the non-observer too refrain
 From censuring others whom he should not judge.
 Thus both their motives bringing to the test,
 Our condescending Lord may both approve,
 While each pursues the way he deems the best,
 For none can walk amiss who walk in love.

IF at any time you are pressed to do any thing hastily,
 be careful : Fraud and deceit are always in haste ; but
 diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

IT is of little consequence to read eternal truths, if
 we pray not to obtain the gift of understanding them
 aright.

MEN take a great deal more pains for this world,
 than Heaven would cost them ; and when they have it,
 do not live long to enjoy it.

THE time of life is the only time wherein we can
 prepare for another world ; and oh ! how short and un-
 certain is this time ! How frail and uncertain is the life
 of man ! What multitudes does death surprise in an hour,
 when they think nothing of it ! How silently and insen-
 sibly

sibly does time slide away ; with what a winged swiftneſs does it fly, and we cannot ſtay its progreſs, ſtop its courſe, or retard its haſty motion.

IN the morning ſay to thyſelf, what ſhall I do this day, which God has given me ? How ſhall I employ it to his glory ? In the evening conſider within thyſelf, and recollect, what have I done this day, and how have I ſpent it ?

TO prevent ſpeaking evil of your neighbour, think no evil of him ; and if you hear any, live in hopes that it is a miſtake.

IF you deſire to depend upon God, let it appear in every inſtance of his Providence towards you : Be content with the want of thoſe outward comforts which he thinks fit to deny you.

'TIS commonly obſerved, that the firſt ſtep to wickedneſs, is idleneſs ; and indeed there is little hopes of any one being a good man, or a good Chriſtian, who takes no care of his time.

OUR wants are daily, and the temptations which draw our hearts from God, to the things of this world, are alſo daily ; and upon both theſe accounts, ought our prayers to be daily alſo.

LET it never enter into your head, that you are a man of merit. Be the only perſon, who neither knows or ſpeaks of your own worth.

THE well-taught philoſophick mind,
To all compaſſion gives ;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for each that lives.

IF friendleſs, in a vale of tears I ſtray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Lord, let my ſteady ſoul thy goodneſs ſee,
And with ſtrong confidence lay hold on thee ;

With

With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

WE must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now God is present every where, and every person in his work.

TO live contented in a moderate estate, we must never consider those that have more, but those that have less than ourselves.

THE BEECHEN SHADE.

TO this lone shade, where peace delights to dwell,
 Oft let my unambitious muse retire,
 Here bid the vain tumult'ous world farewell,
 And praise my Maker with the wood-land choir.
 How shall I joy the dew-bright morn to view !
 With pleasure blushing o'er the fair domain ;
 The lowing herds and bleating flocks pursue,
 Thick straggling o'er the verdant flow'ry plain.
 To see fair nature, with parental love,
 Give life and beauty to the rural scene,
 While tuneful birds, in ev'ry vocal grove,
 In sweet assemblage all around are seen.
 To walk, by turns, the grove, the plain, the glade ;
 To trace the riv'let in its winding way,
 At eve's approach, to hail my beechen shade,
 And eye, with silent joy, the dancing spray.
 While through my veins a pleasing rev'rence thrills,
 How should I joy to see the parting day,
 Glide from the plains, the forests, and the hills,
 While Philomel begins her ev'ning lay,
 Then with bold wings still upwards might I soar,
 And range, at will, the planetary field ;

The

The hand that guides the glowing worlds adore,
 And praise, in silent admiration, yield.
 Hail, blissful silence ! still this shade attend,
 Be thou my constant, never-failing guest ;
 Be thou my guide, my counsellor, my friend,
 Unrivall'd regent of my glowing breast.
 Let not the vain parade of wealth, or shew,
 One wish of envy in my breast excite ;
 Ah ! teach my heart this right'ous truth to know,
 That all the works of Providence are right.

SERENITY and gladness of heart will attend a devout mind, when it maintains an intercourse with the great Author of its Being. When we are in company with our God, with our Redeemer, with our dearest and best of friends, our hearts will burn with love, exult with gratitude, swell with hope, and triumph in the consciousness of that presence, which every where surrounds us ; or else we pour out our fears, our troubles, or our dangers, to the great Supporter of our existence.

THE happiness of a life religiously spent, plainly appears, from the poor and trifling enjoyments, that all those are forced to take up with, who live according to their own humour.

RELIGION is a secure refuge, in seasons of deepest distress ; it smooths the chagrin of life, makes us easy in all circumstances, and fills our souls with the greatest peace that our natures are capable of. The contemplation of the life and sufferings of our Divine Leader, must administer comfort in the severest affliction ; while the sense of his power and omnipotence, gives us humiliation in prosperity.

ON RETIREMENT.

WHILE here sequester'd from the busy throng,
 Let calm reflection animate my song ;

May

May sweet retirement, with its soothing pow'rs,
 Compose each thought, and gild the passing hours;
 And meek-ey'd peace, in whitest robes be seen,
 To cheer the heart, and make the mind serene,
 Then while the world in busy scenes engage,
 I'll shun the follies of a vicious age;
 Freed from the dull impertinence of strife,
 Serenely pass in solitude my life :
 And when Aurora ushers in the dawn,
 And tuneful songsters hail the rising morn,
 With grateful heart perform the ardent pray'r,
 And thank kind Heav'n for its protecting care.
 Then while the sun in radiant splendour reigns,
 And with its lustre decks the hills and plains,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy vale,
 And breathe sweet fragrance from the passing gale ;
 Or, led by fancy, frequent let me rove,
 To some thick forest, or some shady grove,
 Where peaceful silence reigns throughout the scene,
 And painted daisies deck the lovely green ;
 While gentle zephyrs, with their silken wings,
 Display their beauties o'er the crystal springs.
 Or on the margin of a purling stream,
 Indulge my mind on friendship's pleasing theme,
 Whose gentle murmurs calm the troubled breast,
 And soothe each sorrow when the mind's distress'd.
 Then when the sun, obedient to command,
 Shall take his flight, and visit foreign land,
 May pale-ey'd Cynthia, empress of the night,
 With mildest lustre, shed her solemn light ;
 While twinkling stars dispense a friendly ray,
 And gently guide the trav'ler on his way :
 At this lone hour when solemn silence reigns,
 And mournful Philomel renews her strains,
 May no sad thought my peaceful mind molest,
 Each murmur stifled, and each sigh suppress'd.
 Save when compassion at another's woe
 Shall cause the tears of tenderness to flow ;
 Freely I'll bear a sympathetick part,
 And share the sorrows of the drooping heart ;

With

With fervent pray'rs implore kind Heav'n to bless,
And fondly strive to make their sorrows less.

Thus may my time in rural shades be spent,
Far from the world, enrich'd with calm content,
'Till death's cold hand shall close these languid eyes,
And hope conduct me to yon blissful skies.

O GLORIOUS day! O day of peace, arise,
And with thy splendours glad my longing eyes.
O time! which oft so quickly glid'st away,
Methinks thou ling'rest and defer'st the day;
Just like an arrow from a bow half strung,
Thy flagging pinions slowly skim along.
Oh! with new vigour, urge thy flying course,
And stretch each tendon with redoubled force;
That peace may flow like ocean's swelling tide,
“ And seas but join the regions they divide.”

IT is the peculiar excellence of a good name, that it is out of the reach of death, and is not buried in the grave, but rather grows up from it. Solomon hath joined this good name, which is better than precious ointment, with the day of one's death, which is better than the day of one's birth, as it completes the character of those that finish their course well, and are faithful unto death: whereas a great name, like the names of the great ones of the earth, is often withered and blemished by death.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of a skin,
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No—those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can that heart retain.

RELIGION naturally tends to all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and noble; and the true spirit of it, not only composes, but cheers the soul. Though it banishes all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, yet in exchange, it fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, and uninterrupted pleasure. The contemplation of divine mercy and power, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are the principal and constant sources of it.

TEACH me, what all believe, but few possess,
 That life's best science is ourselves to know;
 The first of human blessings is to bless,
 And happiest he who feels another's woe.
 Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
 While time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
 Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
 Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.
 And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
 If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
 Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
 And great ones envy such an honest fame.

HE that can say to himself, "I do as much good, and am as virtuous, as my most earnest endeavours will allow me," whatever is his station in the world, is as to himself possessed of the highest honour. If ambition is not thus turned, it is no other than a continual succession of anxiety and vexation. But when it has this cast, it invigorates the mind; and the consciousness of its own worth is a reward, which it is not in the power of envy, detraction, or reproach, to take from it. Thus the seat of solid honour is in a man's own bosom; and no one can want support, who is in possession of an honest conscience, but he who would suffer the reproaches of it for other greatness.

THERE are some men, in whom a deficiency of sense or wit gives no pain; there are some, in whom abundance of both gives no pleasure.

The

The following lines are taken from a description of Hawkstone, an elegant seat in Shropshire. The author of that description tells us, they were composed by the owner of the above-mentioned seat, when he was contemplating the astonishing scenes around him in his own park, where the verses are to be seen in a natural cavern of a vast rock, from the top of which you command a very diversified and romantic prospect.

WHILST all thy glories, O my God!
 Thro' the creation shine,
 Whilst rocks and hills, and fertile vales,
 Proclaim the hand divine;
 O! may I view, with humble heart,
 The wonders of thy pow'r,
 Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
 As in each blade and flow'r.
 But whilst I taste thy blessings, Lord!
 And sip the streams below,
 O may my soul be led to thee,
 From whom all blessings flow.
 And, if such footsteps of thy love,
 Thro' this lost world we trace,
 How far transcendant are thy works
 Throughout the world of grace!
 Just as before yon noon-tide sun,
 The brightest stars are small;
 So earthly comforts are but snares,
 'Till grace has crown'd them all.

Epitaph on a Country Clergyman.

STILL, like his Saviour, known by breaking bread,
 The rich he entertain'd, the needy fed.
 Of humour easy, and of life unblam'd,
 The friend delighted, while the priest reclaim'd.
 The friend, the father, and the husband gone,
 The priest still lives in the recording stone,
 Where pious eyes may read his praises o'er,
 And learn each grace his pulpit taught before.

L

THE

THE bent and inclination of a virtuous man is towards silence, as much as possible, because the principal light and knowledge of this life, consists in being thoroughly acquainted with the depth and greatness of his own ignorance. So that those who make great progress in human sciences, for the most part become peremptory and decisive. On the contrary, the proficients in the science of God become more reserved, more inclined to silence, less addicted to their own sense, and less venturesome to judge of others; because they discover more and more how uncertain and obscure our knowledge is; how much we often deceive ourselves in the things we think we know best, how many faults and errors we run into by haste and precipitation in judging, and what disorders are often caused by rash judgments and advices.

Inscription for an Hermitage.

FOND man, retire to this lone cell,
 And bid the busy world farewell;
 Ah! quit the city's noisy scene,
 For pleasures tranquil and serene;
 Seek in this calm, this sweet recess,
 The rose-lip'd cherub, happiness,
 That haunts the hermit's mossy floor,
 And simple peasant's rural door.
 How pleasant is yon oak's brown shade,
 The spreading beach, th' adjacent glade;
 The crystal streams, that smoothly glide;
 The warbling thrush, at even tide?
 Fond man, here sweetly thou may'st spend
 Thy fleeting days, nor fear thy end;
 Stealing through life, as thro' the plain,
 Yon rill flows silent to the main.
 Here (when in russet vest the morn
 Walks o'er the mountain or the lawn)
 Thy early orisons begin,
 And live secure from woe and sin.

Here

Here too, at ev'ning's sober hour,
Adore the great Almighty pow'r ;
The Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
For ever just, and good, and wise.

PATIENCE will wipe away the streaming tear,
And hope will paint the pallid cheek of fear :
Content will always happiness supply,
And virtue calls a blessing from on high.

WHEN any body's misbehaviour disturbs you, dismiss the image of the injury, and bethink yourself whether you have not been guilty of the same fault. Such reflection is the shortest and most certain way of becoming truly wise and truly pious.

NO trees bear fruit in autumn, unless they blossom in the spring. To the end that our age may be profitable, and laden with ripe fruit, let all endeavour, that our youth may be studious, and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation.

WE may judge of men by their conversation towards God, but never by God's dispensations towards them.

TO learn to accommodate our taste to that portion of happiness, which Providence has set before us, is of all the lessons of philosophy, surely the most necessary. High and exquisite gratifications are not consistent with the appointed measures of humanity ; and perhaps if we would fully enjoy the relish of our being, we should rather consider the miseries we escape, than too nicely examine the intrinsic worth of the happiness we possess.

WHEN a man is in company with his betters, it is as much more adviseable to hear, than to speak, as it is better to reap, than to sow.

HE is the richest man, who desires no superfluity, and wants for no necessary.

✓ **RESTLESS** mortals toil for nought :
 Blifs in vain from earth is fought ;
 Blifs, a native of the ſky,
 Never wanders. Mortals try ;
 There you cannot ſeek in vain,
 For to ſeek her is to gain.

COME gentle age ! to me thou doſt appear
 No cruel object of regret or fear ;
 Thy ſtealing ſtep I unreluctant ſee,
 Nor would avoid, or wiſh to fly from thee.

OTHERS good turns to thee be ſure to tell,
 But nothing ſay, when thou thyſelf doſt well.

SOME have pleaſed themſelves with the thought,
 “ That departed ſpirits ſupply the place of guardian an-
 gels to their friends ; that they delight to follow them in
 their ſolitary walks, and watch their nightly ſlumbers,
 and make impreſſions on their ſleeping fancy, to warn
 them of approaching dangers.” ’Tis not unlikely, that
 the tempeſts of human paſſions are ſometimes compoſed
 by the ſoft inſpiring whiſpers of thoſe propitious beings,
 while the ſeats of joy have opened their glories in viſion-
 ary ſcenes to their ſleeping imaginations.

✓ **YOU** may enjoy what you have, if you do not wiſh
 for more. Like a clear ſtream, which glides ſmoothly
 on, but by endeavouring to increaſe the waters, it be-
 comes a torrent.

OF greatneſs, and its pompous train,
 What notions falſe we entertain !
 The glitt’ring dreſs, the ſplendid feaſt,
 Thoſe ſeeking moſt, who know them leaſt ;
 Our time, anxiety, and coſt,
 In the vain acquiſition’s loſt.
 The man we envy oft as bleſt,
 In ſecret pines with care oppreſs’d.

MANY

MANY scripture parables and similitudes are taken from the common actions of this life, that when our hands are employed about them, our hearts may the more easily pass through them to divine and heavenly things.

EVERY thing is beautiful in its season; and it is wisdom of the prudent, so to order the duties of their general callings as Christians, and those of their particular callings in the world, as that they may not clash or interfere.

IT is related of the pious Philip Henry, that if any asked his charity, whose representation of their case he did not like, or who he thought did amiss to take that course, he would first give them an alms, and then mildly reprove them; labouring to convince them that they were out of the way of duty; that they could not expect God should bless them in it, and would not chide, but reason with them. He would say, if he should tell them of their faults, and not give them an alms, the reproof would look only like an excuse to deny his charity, and would be rejected accordingly.

TO be over solicitous after praise, to be greedy of it, and eager in pursuing it, and to seem in some measure to beg it, instead of being the character of a great soul, is the most certain sign of a vain and light disposition, which feeds upon the wind, and takes the shadow for the substance.

T H E A N T S .

SO when the ants, a small industrious train,
Embodied rob some golden heap of grain,
Studious, 'ere stormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darksome cells the treasur'd prey,
In one long track the dusky regions lead
Their prize in triumph, thro' the verdant mead.
Here bending with the load, a panting throng,
With force conjoined, heave some huge grain along;
Some lash the stragglers to the task assign'd,
Some to their ranks the bands that lag behind;

They croud the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.

HOW blest'd the man, who, like these insects, wife,
Exerts his pow'rs to lay up Heav'nly food ;
Convinc'd, that nought like this beneath the skies
Deserves his care, and ought to be pursu'd.

WOULD you in safety plough th' inconstant tide,
The helm let prudence ever watchful guide,
She shuns the deep, where mountain-billows roar,
And shuns alike the shallows and the shore.

The few, by precept or experience wise,
Who know the mean, the golden mean, to prize,
With equal scorn reject a sordid state,
And the gilt sorrows of the vainly great.
Fix'd in that point, where all the virtues rest,
Between the extremes with peaceful pleasure blest,
They know to curb irregular desires,
When av'rice tempts them, or ambition fires.

POSTS of preferment, and the marks of respect annexed to them, may flatter the ambition and vanity of mankind, but in themselves include no real glory or solid happiness, as they are foreign to them ; as they are not always the proof and reward of merit ; as they add nothing to the good qualities either of body or mind ; as they correct none of our faults ; but often, on the contrary, serve only to multiply and make them more remarkable, by making them conspicuous, and exhibiting them in a stronger light.

IT is virtue alone which fixes the price of every thing, and is the sole source of solid glory and real happiness.

WIT is commonly looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a two-edged sword, from which not even the sacredness of friendship can secure. It is more especially dreaded in women.

A MAN may be reserved and modest in the midst of riches and honours, as he may be proud and avaricious in the obscurity of a poor and wretched life.

TIME, always precious, can never be more so, than in our early years; the first ideas make the strongest and most lasting impression.

NUMBERLESS are the branches of good nature! Numberless are the benefits we ourselves receive by it, and confer on others!

MERE good humour, if abused, will degenerate into its reverse; but good nature is always the same, and incapable of changing; like the divine source, of which it is an emanation, it returns injuries with benefits; it endeavours to work on the bad heart that offers them, by soft persuasion, and pities what it cannot mend.

WHAT tho' to-day's oppress'd with various woes:
To-morrow's dawn may happier scenes disclose.
The bounteous pow'r that o'er wide nature reigns,
Now bids stern winter blast the freezing plains;
And now recalls the spring, the spring returns,
Each face now smiles, and ev'ry bosom burns;
New beauty bursts upon the ravish'd sight,
And all around is joy, and life, and light.

THRO' life let manly fortitude prevail:
Whate'er the current, and whate'er the gale,
Press forward still, and ev'ry adverse tide,
Let thy flow, persevering bark, divide.
But when too strong the fav'ring breeze you find,
Furl the broad sail, nor trust the faithless wind.

To MIRA, with a Watch.

MIRA, this machine, you'll find,
Suits a moralizing mind.

Has

Has it motion ? 'Tis as clear
 Action is man's proper sphere.
 Equal should its progress prove,
 So thro' life let Mira move.
 When you forward urge its pace,
 Think it may be Mira's case ;
 In my passage to the sky,
 Have I linger'd—let me fly !
 Backwards are the hands convey'd,
 To the points from whence they stray'd ?
 Blush not, Mira ! to untread
 Steps that wisdom never led.
 If it stand, reflecting say,
 Time for no machine will stay.
 Heav'n observes—and will it find
 Mira with him, or behind ?
 Mark its hands with thanks to Heav'n,
 For each hour and minute given ;
 Giv'n as means to make us wise ;
 Giv'n to form us for the skies.
 False if either hand be view'd,
 Some internal fault conclude.
 Thus if Mira's life should sin,
 Let her first reform within.
 When it strikes the hour, admit
 Silence is not always fit.
 Ev'ry day its task pursu'd,
 Hints how thine must be renew'd.
 Say, when winding up, alas !
 Human wheels, like those of brass
 Soon their functions would forego,
 Nought if foreign hand bestow.
 If all day it acted right,
 When she hangs it by at night,
 Then let Mira ask her heart,
 How have I perform'd my part ?
 If it err'd, let Mira pray,
 Heav'n forgive my faults to-day !
 For its use, my present prize,
 All besides neglect, despise.

Shine

Shine its trinkets as they will,
 Trinkets are but trifles still.
 Mira! when at court array'd
 All in jewels and brocade,
 If at heart no merit dwell,
 If no deeds that merit tell,
 Tho' a lord should smile, or king,
 Thou'rt a glitt'ring, uselefs thing.
 If, whate'er its present praise,
 All its pow'r to serve decays,
 Means to mend it vainly try'd,
 When you cast it from your side;
 On a life of virtue past,
 Joyful retrospection cast.
 But let Mira think again,
 Only virtue past were vain;
 Perseverance, 'till we die,
 Wins the Christian's crown on high.

A WOMAN of true sense, will be always ambitious, not of gaining admiration, but of deserving it.

THERE is no being long and sincerely happy, without being good; which, as common an observation as it has been, yet wants to be made anew, by most, even of those whom the world thinks both wise and happy.

GOOD-HUMOUR shuns not an opportunity of obliging; but good-nature is industrious in seeking out as many as it can. Good-humour frequently promises more than is in its power to perform; but good-nature does more than it gives you reason to expect.

THE want of thought creates many mischiefs among mankind; and this is the reason that none ought to speak, 'till they have first reflected on every thing that may possibly be the consequence of what they speak.

IT

✓ IT is indeed a dreadful thing, when people cannot resolve to content themselves with the sphere in which they are placed by Heaven. It is this restlessness of the mind, that occasions half the mischiefs that befall mankind; and yet we are all, more or less, apt to have some share of it. Every one wishes for something he has not, and that hinders him from enjoying, properly, what he is possessed of. We fancy we know better than he that made us, what will befit us, and accuse Providence of partiality in the lot assigned to us.

✓ LIFE is an uncertain ocean; numberless, nameless dangers, lurk beneath the fairest surface. No one, at his first embarkation, can promise to himself that he shall go through his voyage, unruffled with the storms which from above, below, and every where, surround. Who then would not be glad to secure some friendly bark at hand, whose kind assistance, in case of a wreck, might save him?

✓ THE seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her, during her present state of probation.

✓ BEWARE thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought,
To search the profitable knowledge out.
So joys, on joys, for ever will increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace. }

✓ LET gratitude, in acts of goodness flow;
My love to God, in love to man below.
Be this my joy, to calm the troubled breast,
Support the weak, and succour the distressed;
Direct the wand'rer, dry the widow's tear,
The orphan guard, the sinking spirits cheer.
Tho' small my pow'r to act, tho' mean my skill,
God sees the heart, he judges by the will.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

NOW down the steep of heav'n the source of day
 Pursues, unwearied, his diurnal way.
 Mild shine his rays, his beams serene descend,
 And o'er the earth a sweet effulgence send.
 The blust'ring winds a pleasing silence keep,
 And in their caves, with folded pinions, sleep.
 No longer from the cloud descends the rain,
 But a clear azure spreads th' etherial plain.
 A solemn, pleasing silence, hovers round,
 And peace, with downy wing, o'erspreads the ground.
 While silver Cynthia sheds her milder light,
 And ushers in the awful reign of night.

So when the lamp of life shall dimly burn,
 And this frail frame to kindred dust return,
 May the rude strife of earth-born passions cease,
 And life's short journey terminate in peace.
 May then no cares terrestrial break my rest,
 Or keen reflections discompose my breast.
 May then no fears, no dread of ills to come,
 Make me shrink back with terror from the tomb;
 But when the awful mandate from on high
 The sentence shall proclaim, that bids me die,
 Resign'd and peaceful, let me bow my head,
 And heav'n enjoy, when number'd with the dead.

TO be too inquisitive into things in which we have
 no concern, and which with the utmost labour, assisted
 by the greatest learning and strongest capacity, we can
 never be able to penetrate, is doubtless both a sin and
 a folly.

A MIND, eager to inquire into the minutest works
 of nature, will be insensibly led to a contemplation on
 the greatest; and in all, we shall find sufficient for our
 astonishment, and the exciting in us such ideas of the
 great Author of Nature, as cannot fail to fill us with the
 highest sense of the infinity of his goodness to all his
 creatures;

creatures; and to us in particular, to whom alone, of all sublunary beings, he has given the power of reason and reflection.

T H E R E is nothing requires a greater delicacy of sentiment and expression, than what we call raillery; and a person must be very polite indeed, who knows how to practise it, so as not to give offence.

T O be merry ourselves, or make sport for others, on the errors or mistakes of our friend or companion, is certainly very unkind; but if our jest is on the defects or infirmities of his person, it is really cruel.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

I.

V I T A L spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit! this mortal frame—
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh! grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! death, where is thy sting?

THO'

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
 Yet never let the noble mind despair:
 For blessings always wait on virtuous deeds,
 And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

THE brightest hours of prosperity have their clouds;
 and the stream of life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions,
 will grow putrid by stagnation.

WHATEVER busies the mind, without corrupting it, has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.

KNOWLEDGE is praised and desired by multitudes, whom her charms could never rouse from the couch of sloth.

SINCE life itself is uncertain, nothing which has life for its basis, can boast much stability.

OF him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required, that he forgive.

FEW are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

A CONSTANT habit of unprofitable amusement, relaxes the tone of the mind, and renders it totally incapable of application, study, or virtue.

TO insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature, is inhuman; not to compassionate them, is unchristian.

THE wickedness of a woman changeth her face, and darkeneth her countenance like sack-cloth.

As the climbing of a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

A woman that will not comfort her husband in distress, maketh weak hands, and feeble knees. Eccles. xxv. chap.

Extract from YOUNG'S RESIGNATION.

WHAT cannot resignation do?
 It wonders can perform;
 That pow'rful charm, "thy will be done,"
 Can lay the loudest storm.
 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world,
 By strong and tender ties;
 And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.
 When Heav'n would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantments end,
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a friend.
 Oh! how disorder'd our machine,
 When contradictions mix;
 When nature strikes no less than twelve,
 And folly points at six.
 They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
 Life's idle moments run,
 And, doing nothing for themselves,
 Imagine nothing done.
 Dang'rous mistake—their fate goes on,
 Their dread account proceeds—
 And their not doing, is set down,
 Amongst their darkest deeds.

IT was the practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor,
 to call himself to an account every night for the actions
 of the past day; and as often as he let slip one day without
 doing some good, he entered upon his diary this memorial:
 "I have lost a day."

THE grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her
 discretion will fatten his bones.

A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord: and
 there is nothing so much worth, as a mind well instructed.

As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven, so is
 the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house.
 Eccl. xxvi.

TO hint at a fault, does more mischief than speaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finish, will not fail to be overdone.

MEEKNESS is imperfect, if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently, the passions and resentments of others.

ALEXANDER (says Seneca) had two friends, Clitus and Lyfimachus; the one he exposed to a lion, the other to himself: he who was turned loose to the beast escaped, but Clitus was murdered, for he was turned loose to an angry man.

COUNT that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

LOVE the great God, with all thy might,
And know, whatever is, is right.
To his disposal always yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field;
And trust his ever-watchful care,
Which numbers every single hair.
Each day the sacred pages view,
For these give pleasures ever new.
The truths that there conspicuous shine,
Proclaim their Author all divine,
See here thy great Redeemer's love,
Who left the radiant realms above,
To perfect all the gospel plan;
Then dy'd, to save degen'rate man.
To him prefer thy ardent pray'r,
For such things as expedient are;
And if thy breast a mansion be,
Fit to receive the heav'nly Three,
The Comforter shall soon be sent,
To fill the mind with sweet content:
And tho' the world, as all confess,
Can neither satisfy or bless,
Hence may'st thou draw that liquid store,
Which he that drinks of, thirsts no more.

—— WITH Heaven's ennobling gifts
 Benignly blest, the blooming Lucia thines :
 Pleasing her speech, by nature taught to flow,
 Strong and persuasive sense, sincere and clear.
 Her manners greatly plain ; a noble grace,
 Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
 Adorns her. Her calm temper, winning, mild,
 Nor pity softer ; truth itself the source.
 Constant in doing well, she neither seeks,
 Nor shuns applause. No bashful merit sighs
 Near her neglected : sympathizing, she
 Wipes off the tear from sorrow's clouded eye
 With kindly hand, and bids her heart to smile.

MEEKNESS may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty, that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress.

IF it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a better account, to be patient : nothing defeats the malice of an enemy, like a spirit of forbearance ; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice ; they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A MEEK spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home ; yet, by a sort of divine alchymy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising ; it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances ; “ it will suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.”

HONOURS and dignities are transient, beauty and riches frail and fleeting, to a proverb. Would not the
 the

the truly wise, therefore, wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies? But this wish can only be accomplished, by acquiring, and maintaining, that calm and absolute self-possession, which as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

A N amiable and wise woman will always have something better to value herself on than outward advantages, which, however captivating, are still but subordinate parts of a truly excellent character.

H O W cruel is it to extinguish, by neglect or unkindness, the precious sensibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit! These are of higher worth, than all the documents of learning; of dearer price, than all the advantages which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

T H E best of men, and the best of books, can do us good, only so far as they turn us from themselves, and every human comfort, to seek and receive every kind of good from God alone.

T O desire to communicate good to every creature, in the degree we can, and it is capable of receiving from us, is a divine temper; for thus God stands unchangeably disposed towards the whole creation.

I N vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return, and seek thy Father and thy God.
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy.
Mysterious passage! hid from mortal eyes;
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise.
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide;
Regain by meekness what thou lost by pride.

✓ LET thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table-feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou "rejoice in hope," and look forward to the end of life, as the consummation of thy felicity.

WHAT an example is Job, to such as have lost their substance all at once by unforeseen misfortunes: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

H U M A N I T Y.

✓ A H me! how little knows the human heart,
 The pleasing task of soft'ning others woe;
 Stranger to joys, that pity can impart,
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.
 If e'er I've mourn'd my humble lowly state,
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at fortune's shrine,
 If e'er a wish escap'd me to be great,
 The fervent pray'r, humanity, was thine.
 Pity the man, who hears the moving tale
 Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown;
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
 Nor made the injur'd wretch's cause his own.
 How little knows he the extatic joy,
 The thrilling bliss of cheering woe, despair?
 How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,
 That calls the grateful tribute of a tear?
 The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
 The glare of pride and pomp, be, grandeur, thine;
 To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,
 And soothe th' oppressed orphan's woes, be mine.
 Be mine the blush of modest worth to spare,
 To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh;
 The kindred warmth of charity to share,
 Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.
 Can the loud laugh, the mirth inspiring bowl,
 The dance, or choral song, or jocund glee,
 Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul,
 Or warm the breast, humanity, like thee?

ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

HE that keepeth the law, bringeth offerings enough : He that taketh heed to the commandment, offereth a peace-offering : He that requiteth a good turn offereth fine flour : And he that giveth alms, sacrificeth praise. To depart from wickedness, is a thing pleasing to the Lord ; and to forsake unrighteousness, is a propitiation. Thou shalt not appear empty before the Lord ; for all these things are to be done, because of the commandment. The offering of the righteous maketh the altar fat, and the sweet favour thereof is before the Most High ! The sacrifice of a just man is acceptable, and the memorial thereof shall never be forgotten. Eccles. xxxv.

WE see almost every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies. We see new graves often opened for men older and younger than ourselves ; for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate : for men, who, like us, were providing to enjoy or improve hours, now irreversibly cut off. We see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

A MAN that fasteth for his sins, and goeth again and doeth the same, who will hear his prayer ? or what doth his humbling profit him ? Eccles. xxxiv. 26.

THE mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the sufferings of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity. Adversity diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast, that is the parent of thoughtfulness and meditation.

HE that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with this exclamation, " How many things are here which I do not want."

WHILE affliction prepares us for felicity, we may console ourselves under its pressures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of divine displeasure,
since

since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those, " of whom the world was not worthy ;" and the Redeemer of mankind himself was " a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

IF thou hast gathered nothing in thy youth, how canst thou find any thing in thine age ?

Much experience is the crown of old men, and the fear of God is their glory.

Oh, how great is he that findeth wisdom ! Yet is there none above him that feareth the Lord ! The fear of the Lord is the beginning of his love ; and faith is the beginning of cleaving unto him.

OF all the virtues, there are none ought more to be inculcated, into the mind of a young girl, than modesty and meekness. Vanity and pride are perpetually endeavouring to force their way into the heart ; and too much care cannot be taken to repulse their efforts.

WE must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next.

The GOVERNESS : A SIMILE.

AS when blithe lambs their vernal revels keep,
Bound from the turf, and o'er the hillocks leap ;
Now harmless try to butt, then run away ;
Now wearied feed, and thus consume the day ;
Th' indulgent shepherdess attentive lies
Lest from the woods some sudden foe should rise,
And as they play, her harmless flock surprize. }
So, the sage governess, whose constant care
By wisdom's dictates, forms the tender fair,
When her gay female throng, to sport inclin'd,
Suspend the nobler pleasures of the mind,
With jealous eyes each motion does survey,
Lest they should swerve from virtue in their play.

CHILDREN, like tender oziers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow ;

For

For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.

Extract from YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heav'n.
Fly, ye profane! if not draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the hand
That threw in this Bethesda your disease.
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure;
For here, restless demonstration dwells—
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the man, you see his hold on Heav'n.
If sound his virtue, as Philander's sound,
Heav'n waits not the last moment, owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men—
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confusion—and to virtue, peace.

IT is a certain sign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another.

TO forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it, with a generous, or (if possible) with an intire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind.

EVERY appearance of amiable simplicity, or of honest shame, nature's hasty conscience, will be dear to sensible hearts; they will carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive, that it is this temper, wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue and the beauty of holiness; from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it.

THE

THE hypocrisy of assuming virtues, which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

GOOD dispositions, of themselves, will go but a very little way, unless they are confirmed into good principles. And this cannot be effected, but by a careful course of religious instruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

IN the great and universal concern of religion, both sexes, and all ranks, are equally interested. The truly catholic spirit of Christianity accommodates itself, with an astonishing condescension, to the circumstances of the whole human race.

LET no mistaken girl fancy she gives a proof of her wit, by her want of piety; or that a contempt of things serious and sacred, will exalt her understanding, or raise her character, even in the opinion of the most avowed male infidels.

CICERO spoke it as the highest commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philosophy, not for the sake of disputing like a philosopher, but of living like one. The chief purpose of Christian knowledge, is to promote the great end of a Christian life.

From the Book of Wisdom:—Hearken unto thy father—
despise not thy mother when she is old. Extract:

'TIS wisdom speaks—her voice divine
Attend my son, and life is thine —
Thine, taught to shun the devious way,
Where folly leads the blind astray:
Let virtue's lamp thy footsteps guide,
And shun the dang'rous heights of pride;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life pursue serene.

From infancy what sufferings spring—
While yet a naked helpless thing,

Who

Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring cast,
 To shield thee from th' inclement blast ?
 Thy mother—honour her—her arms
 Secur'd thee from a thousand harms ;
 When helpless, hanging on her breast,
 She sooth'd thy sobbing heart to rest ;
 For thee her peace, her health destroy'd,
 For thee her ev'ry pow'r employ'd ;
 Thoughtful of thee, before the day
 Shot through the dark its rising ray ;
 Thoughtful of thee, when sable night
 Again had quench'd the beams of light.
 To Heav'n, in ceaseless pray'r for thee
 She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
 Despise her not—now feeble grown—
 Oh ! make her wants and woes thy own ;
 Let not thy lips rebel ; nor eyes,
 Her weakness, frailty, years, despise ;
 From youthful insolence defend,
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
 Thus shalt thou sooth, in life's decline,
 The mis'ries that may once be thine.

A N unwary moment may happen to the most guarded and reserved ; and this reflection ought to fill us with charity for others.

A PRUDENT man hath his eyes open, and his mouth shut ; and as much desires to inform himself, as to instruct others.

I N discourse, make not too great a profusion or expense of your knowledge, lest your treasure be soon exhausted.

T H E thought of immortality, the hope of endless happiness, is enough to animate the soul with the noblest ambition, and yet make it look, with the humblest compassion, upon that part of the creation, that wants so divine a hope.

The

The latter Part of the 3d Chap. of Habbakuk imitated.

ALTHO' the blooming plants forget to shoot,
 The fig-tree fade, and vines deny their fruit;
 No tasteful olives finish our repast,
 Nor op'ning buds survive the wintry blast;
 The barren fields their wonted blades withhold,
 And lambs no longer fill the scanty fold;
 Nor flocks, nor herds, around the vale be seen,
 But one stern famine sweep th' improv'ish'd green—
 Yet shall the God of nature claim my praise,
 Wake my first songs, and share my latest lays;
 Each night and morn shall string the duteous lyre,
 And all my nerves retouch with sacred fire;
 Hills, vales, and groves, the sounding anthem own,
 And the sweet echoes reach th' unshaken throne,
 Where reigns for ever, in unclouded day,
 My Guide, that leads at once and lights my way.
 He from my paths will turn th' opposing wind,
 And give my feet the swiftness of the hind;
 Life's rugged tracts make like the pleasant plains,
 On whose smooth ground the trav'ller soothes his pains.

“ If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink.” That is, if we behold our enemy labouring under any extraordinary distress or calamity, which is in our power to remove, or alleviate; as in the case of extreme poverty, sickness, or misfortune, we ought then cheerfully to lend him our help and assistance, to extricate him out of his difficulties or afflictions. An amiable example of which our Saviour affords us in the parable of the good Samaritan, who had a much better reason for neglecting the distressed traveller, than either the priest, or the Levite, viz. because he was a Jew, and therefore his declared enemy. But in him all party animosities were overpowered by the tender feelings of pity and compassion.

SELFISHNESS may indifferently happen to be a motive to an action, that, in itself, is either good or evil,

evil, either hurtful or beneficent. But, as far as selfishness, merely, is a motive to any action, it never had, nor can have, any relation to virtue. We must search somewhat deeper for the root of that tree, which is productive of this divine fruit.

ALL who would please the great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to put us in mind of our own faults.

MEEKNESS makes any condition tolerable and easy to be endured. He that meekly bears any suffering, takes off the edge of it, that it cannot wound him; whereas he that frets and rages at it, whets it, and makes it much sharper than it would otherwise be.

IT is said of our blessed Saviour, that "he was led as a sheep to the slaughter; that when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not." And if he, the Lord of glory, suffered thus meekly and unjustly from his own creatures, with what face can we ever complain of any injury done to us?

BE very watchful over thine heart, and never suffer it to feed on the fancy of thy own worth; but whenever any such thought arises, beat it down immediately, with the remembrance of some of thy follies or sins, and so make this very motion of pride an occasion of humility.

NEVER compare thyself with those thou thinkest more foolish or more wicked, that so thou mayest, like the Pharisee, extol thyself for being better; but if thou wilt compare, do it with the wise and godly; and then thou wilt find thou comest so far short, as may help to pull down thy high esteem of thyself.

POVERTY is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible.

W I N T E R.

THE fields, disconsolate and sad,
 No vegetation bring ;
 No verdure makes the peasant glad,
 Nor shews the welcome spring.
 No more the trees in lively green,
 Their leafy honours shew ;
 The boughs, where trembling leaves were seen,
 Exhibit flakes of snow.
 The plummy race of various dies,
 Have lost their wonted fire ;
 To thickets close, from low'ring skies,
 The feather'd tribe retire.
 The crystal floods, in fetters bound,
 No rushing torrents feel ;
 In vain, auspicious gales are found,
 To waft the glossy keel.
 In icy fetters they remain,
 Depriv'd of liberty,
 'Till gentle zephyrs loose the chain,
 And set the captives free.

The TRULY GREAT.

THEY'RE only great, whom no base motive rules,
 Who owe no glory to the breath of fools ;
 Friends to true merit, to their country dear,
 To others kind, but to themselves severe ;
 Quiet in suff'ring, with their lot content,
 And careful to improve the talent lent ;
 Good without pride, tho' humble, yet not mean,
 In danger fearless, and in death serene.

IF every person would consider, that he is in this life
 nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up
 his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state
 of being to which he approaches every moment, and
 which

which will be for ever fixed and permanent : this single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

IT is a great presumption, to ascribe our successes to our own management ; and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of Heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence.

Extracted from " A Midnight Thought."

WHILE active thought unseals my eye,
And midnight darkness shades the sky,
Be hush'd my soul, ye moments stay,
While I rejudge the guilty day.
See conscience glares, more dreadful made
By silence and the awful shade !
She points her poignard to my breast,
And bids my justice speak the rest.
Then think, my soul, while Heav'n gives breath,
And antedate the stroke of death !
Reflect how swift the moments fly,
Nor linger, unprepar'd to die !
Pensive revolve, 'ere yet too late,
The scenes of an eternal state,
A series of unnumber'd years,
Or crown'd with joys, or lost in tears.
What awful hints these thoughts inspire,
They chill the blood, they pall desire ;
They teach the soul her Heav'nly birth,
And banish all the pomps on earth.
Here, as in air, a bubble tost,
Her worth unknown, her genius lost ;
At pleasure's fancy has she drove,
Forgetful of her feat above !
Oh ! what such folly can atone ?
Reason dejected from her throne ;
Let humble penitence restore,
And bid my soul to err no more.

All clement thou, O God ! all just,
 The good man's rock, the sinner's trust ;
 Accept the blood my Saviour shed,
 To save from woe this guilty head.
 Oh ! send thy life restoring grace,
 Effuse the lustre of thy face ;
 From guilt and sorrow set me free,
 And guide me, till I come to thee.

NOTHING will give a better lustre to all your virtues, than modesty.

HE that is his own appraiser, will be mistaken in the value.

A LITTLE esteem of one's self, hinders a great deal from others ; boasting may gain applause from fools, but it puts a wise man to the expense of a blush.

SELF esteem is commonly punished with universal contempt.

NO revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

IT is in vain for him to pretend to love either God or man, who loves his money so much better, that he will see his poor brother (who is a man, and bears the image of God) suffer all extremities, rather than part with any thing to relieve him.

“ He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord ” —and that too on solemn promise of repayment. “ That which he hath given, will he pay him again.” It is, amongst men, thought a great disparagement, if we refuse to trust them : It shews we either think them not sufficient, or not honest. How great an affront is it then to God, thus to distrust him ?

Innumerable accidents there are, which may, in an instant, bring a rich man to beggary : And therefore, what course so prudent can we take for our wealth, as to put it out of the reach of those accidents, by lending it to God, where we may be sure to find it ready at our greatest need, and that too with improvement and increase?

The

The contented Country Maid.

W H A T happiness the rural maid attends,
 In cheerful labour while each day she spends :
 She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content,
 She seldom feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;
 She rarely loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease.
 Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs.
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost.
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs,
 If love and quiet in her bosom reign,
 And like enjoyment in her happy swain,
 No home-bred jars her quiet state controul,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul.
 With secret joy she sees her little race
 Rest on her knee, and her small cottage grace ;
 The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool ;
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

O F all those sorrows that attend mankind,
 With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd,
 Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
 For know what man calls Fortune, is from God.

A M O N G the antient Romans, it was not the house
 which honoured the master, but the master the house. A
 cottage with them became as august as a temple, when
 justice, generosity, probity, sincerity, and honour, were
 lodged in it ; and how can a house be called small, which
 contains so many and such great virtues ?

A N extraordinary merit may lie hid under a mean
 habit, as a rich garment may cover enormous vices.

THE nobility arising from birth, is by far inferior to that which proceeds from merit.

MARCUS AURELIUS was averse to every thing that had the air of pomp and luxury. He lay upon the bare ground; at twelve years old he took the habit of a philosopher: he forbore the use of guards, the imperial ornaments and the ensigns of honour, which were carried before the Cæsars and the Augusti. Nor was this conduct owing to his ignorance of what was grand and beautiful, but to the juster and purer taste he had of both, and to an intimate persuasion, that the greatest glory, and principal duty of man, especially if in power, and eminently conspicuous, is so far to imitate the Deity, as to throw himself into a condition of wanting as little as may be for himself, and doing all the good to others he is capable of.

IF it shews a greatness of soul to overlook our own nobility, and not suffer it to gain the ascendant over our actions, we may likewise observe, that it is no less great in such as have raised themselves by merit, not to forget the meanness of their extraction, nor be ashamed of it.

WE read in the scriptures, that Boaz, in the midst of riches, was laborious, diligent in husbandry, plain without luxury, delicacy, sloth or pride. How affable, how obliging and kind to his servants! "The Lord be with you," says he to his reapers; and they answered him, "The Lord bless thee." This was the beautiful language of religious antiquity; but how little known in our days.

How commendable was his behaviour towards Ruth, when he desires her not to go into any other field to glean, but to abide fast by his maidens, to eat and drink with them; and the charitable order he gives his reapers to let her glean even among the sheaves, and to let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her, that she might gather them up without being ashamed; teaching us by this wise conduct, to save those we oblige, the confusion of receiving, and ourselves the temptation of vain glory in giving.

THE

THE Providence of God is universal; it presides over all to the minutest particular, and governs and directs all.

Part of the Book of Job verified.

FOND man, the vision of a moment made—
 Dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade;
 What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd?
 What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
 When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
 Call upon God, importunate for food,
 Who hears their cry? Who grants their hoarse request,
 And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
 Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summers and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind.
 The sun returning, she returns again,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
 Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts that are on me confer'd?
 My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
 And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills,
 Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
 And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne,
 And dar'st thou, with the world's great Father vie,
 Thou who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
 With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.
 Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
 And every thought is naked to thy sight—
 But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
 Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye,
 Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
 But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
 O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
 Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
 Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
 Man was not made to question, but adore.

To

To a Child of a Month old.

BLESS'D babe, who stranger to all worldly strife,
 Art lately launch'd upon the sea of life ;
 And midst those dang'rous waves wilt soon be tost,
 Where some by pleasure, some by pain, are lost :—
 Who yet not feels, nor fear'st to feel, the rage
 Of storms, that threaten man's maturer age ;
 But view'st, with careless and indiff'rent eyes,
 The clouds of folly that around thee rise.
 Accept, nor fear infection from my song ;
 Few authors flatter at an age so young.
 Look round the habitable world and see,
 Who would not wish to change their place with thee.
 Would not the miser broach each fav'rite mine,
 His heart as easy, thoughts as free as thine ?
 What would the hoary villain not endure,
 His hands as innocent, his soul as pure.
 Would not the spendthrift beg his squander'd ore,
 To purchase half the bliss thou hast in store ?
 Ne'er was a maxim truer sure than this,
 That want of innocence is want of bliss.
 'Tis this, 'tis innocence, thy bosom cheers,
 This calms thy troubles, this dispels thy fears ;
 This spreads o'er all its beautifying rays,
 Makes every object, every play-thing please.
 This (whilst less things the guilty breast can awe)
 Gives musick to a key, and beauty to a straw.
 So thro' the prism, to philosophick eyes,
 The barren lawns in pleasing prospect rise,
 Steep hills in azure tempt the distant sight,
 Waste wilds look lovely in a borrow'd light,
 Deck'd by the glass the cottage apes the throne,
 And shines in colours that were ne'er its own.
 Long may this pleasing calm remain within,
 Unknown to trouble, as unknown to sin ;
 When infant reason shall begin to rise,
 Prate on thy lips, and wanton in thy eyes,
 Oh ! may this charm thy ev'ry care beguile,
 Assist thy prattle, and improve thy smile.

When

When growing sense, to rip'ning judgment join'd,
 Shall fix a doubtful empire in thy mind—
 If heat of blood, with wanton frenzy warm—
 If ease should tempt thee, or if pleasure charm,—
 Oh! may this love of virtue, love of truth,
 Lead thee still safe thro' all the paths of youth.
 Next, when thy part in life's still varying plan
 Shall call thee forward on the stage of man,
 Oh! may it keep thee honest, gen'rous, just,
 True to thy word, and cautious of thy trust;
 Light in thy soul devotion's sacred flame,
 Make virtue all thy wish, and Heav'n thy aim.
 And last, when manhood's vigour shall decay,
 Time shake thy head, and silver't o'er with grey,
 Long may this sov'reign remedy remain,
 To prop thy weakness, and assuage thy pain;
 'Till the last moment shed its kindly ray,
 And glad the ev'ning of thy well-spent day.
 But may ten thousand pleasures rise between
 Thy op'ning curtain, and this closing scene;
 May health attend thee, beautiful and gay,
 And smooth, thro' life, thy else too rugged way.

PROSPERITY quickens, and gives a sort of false courage to men of low, degenerate minds, and dresses them up in an outward grandeur, which imposes upon the majority of mankind; but adversity is the touchstone of souls truly great and generous.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime, than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is, on many occasions, the indication of a great mind.

But silence never shews itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.

HOW different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly. The latter

latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

TO look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

THAT we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body, as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands, and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves.

As for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour, which goes by the name of exercise.

Thoughts on the Grave of a Child.—By a Father.

HERE, here she lies! Oh! could I once more view
Those dear remains; take one more fond adieu;
Weep o'er that face of innocence, or save
One darling feature, from the noisome grave!
Vain wish!—now low in earth that form of love
Decays, unseen, yet not forgot above.

In

In angel light array'd, beyond the stars,
 Some more exalted form her spirit wears;
 The work of God, that beauteous clay, which here
 In infant charms so lovely could appear,
 As tho' in nature's nicest model cast,
 Exactly polish'd, wrought too fine to last—
 By the same pow'rful hand again shall rise,
 To bloom more gay, more lovely in the skies.
 No sickness there can the pure frame annoy,
 Nor death presume God's image to destroy.
 Those seats of pleasure, not a tear shall stain,
 In them not ev'n a wish shall glow in vain.

That active mind, intent on trifles here,
 Enlarges now to objects worth its care;
 Looks down with scorn upon the toys below,
 And burns, with transport, better worlds to know,
 Where scenes of glory open to her sight,
 And new improvements furnish new delight;
 Where friendly angels, for her guidance giv'n,
 Lead her, admiring, thro' the courts of heav'n.

No wonder then her course so swiftly run,
 Like the young eaglet, tow'ring to the sun.
 Wing'd for eternal bliss, and plum'd for day,
 Her soul, enraptur'd, made such haste away,
 Impatient to regain its native shore,
 Just smil'd at folly, and look'd back no more.

That winning nature, and obliging mein,
 Pleas'd to see all, by all with pleasure seen.
 Smiling and sweet as vernal flow'rs new blown,
 Associates now with tempers like her own.

Her love to me (how artless and sincere!)
 Rises from earth to heav'n, and centres there.
 So pure a flame, heav'n's gracious Sire will own,
 And with paternal love indulgent crown.

Cease, then, frail nature, to lament in vain,
 Reason forbids to wish her back again;
 Rather congratulate her happier fate,
 And new advancement to a better state.
 This blessing quick recall'd, can Heav'n bestow,
 No more in pity to a father's woe?

Know

Know the same God, who gave, hath tak'n away,
 He orders her to go, and thee to stay.
 Tho' in this vale of misery, alone,
 Deserted, weary, thou should'st travel on,
 Still be resign'd, my soul! his will be done.

Escap'd from life, and all its train of ills,
 Which, ah! too sure, the hoary pilgrim feels,
 To shorter trial doom'd, and lighter toil,
 Ere sin could tempt her, or the world defile.
 She, favour'd innocent, retires to rest,
 Tastes but the cup of sorrow, and is blest.

Such the mild Saviour to his arms receives,
 And the full blessings of his kingdom gives.
 There angels wait, submissive, round his throne,
 To praise his goodness in these infants shewn.
 Amidst that gentle throng, how heav'nly bright
 Distinguish'd Lucy shines, fair star of light!
 Short, yet how pleasing, was her visit here,
 She's now remov'd to grace a nobler sphere.
 There, while thy much lov'd parents mourn below,
 Thou, happy child! shalt not our sorrows know.
 Eternal joys be thine, full anthems raise,
 And glad all heav'n with thy Creator's praise.

IF we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure. But if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

INQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind, as the arts of consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for, in this world, is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointments. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours, at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out, and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

PURE devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas, than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

IT is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions, at the same laudable end; the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, and the benefit of our own souls.

SOCRATES, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him; and I have a good hope, that this my endeavour will be accepted by him."

H Y M N.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear?
 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,

O

My

My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought,
 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd,
 In majesty severe,
 And sit on judgment on my soul,
 Oh ! how shall I appear ?
 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears,
 Shall endless woe prevent.
 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late,
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
 For never shall my soul despair,
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
 To make her pardon sure.

SELF-LOVE but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His country next, and next all human race.
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in of every kind.
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

IT may be laid down as a position, which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels a tediousness in life from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion, more than another, but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects ; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and is, perhaps, struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

CAN a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyfs of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind, that fees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature, for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable, as perfect power and eternity.

Extract from Cowper's Poem called the TASK.*

————— D E T E S T E D sport!

That owes its pleasures to another's pains;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature; dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears, and heart-distending sighs.
Vain tears, alas! and sighs that seldom find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls.
Well, one at least is safe; one shelter'd here
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years experience of my care
Has made at last familiar, she has lost
Much of her vigilant, instinctive dread,
Not needful here beneath a roof like mine.
Yes, thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor
At ev'ning, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, and pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one here that had a friend.

* From Cowper's Poems, in 2 vols. 8vo.—published by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard; also sold by the printer hereof, price 8s. in boards.

CRUEL sports were thought very high reflections on the politeness of the Romans. Are they not much greater on the mercy and humanity of Christians?

IT behoves us to accustom ourselves to a sober, modest way of speaking, and to avoid all those modes of speech, which border upon, or naturally lead to falshood.

BE careful to practise nothing which you are ashamed of; to do nothing for which you need be afraid of the eye or ear of God, and the world: then will you be under no temptation of lying, to conceal what you have done amiss.

IF we had true notions of God and eternity, right notions of ourselves and of the world, they could not fail to create in us thoughts full of humility towards ourselves, full of contempt towards the vain world, full of the highest adoration towards God, and full of earnestness to acquire a happy eternity.

PRAYER, unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp unlighted; the words of the one, without love, being as unprofitable as the oil and cotton of the other, without flame.

HE alone is a great man, whose heart is strongly disposed to acts of humanity and benevolence; and who has fortitude enough to do his duty in all circumstances of life; who acts for the good of mankind, as long as he is able, and then finishes his course in the cause of virtue.

THE way to avoid prejudice, is to govern the passions with a steady hand; to treat all things in a calm and disinterested manner, not suffering our desires or aversions to be moved, but by a just consideration of real usefulness.

TAKE but the humblest lily of the field,
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shewn,
That on the regal seat great David's son,

Array'd

Array'd in all his robes and types of pow'r,
Shines with less glory, than that simple flow'r.

ENOUGH I think my present store,
Nor do I ask of Heav'n for more,
But thank the kindness of my God,
For that small stock he has allow'd.
Lo, time still wastes, and wastes away,
And moons arise but to decay;
Then why, fond mortals, tell me why!
Ye raise your costly domes so high?
Why build ye palaces so great,
With all th' extravagance of state,
When ev'ry stone must fall away,
And crumble still, and still decay?
Why strive ye to enrich ye more,
With ware from every foreign shore,
When death stands knocking at your door?

P R A Y E R.

THERE is such a thing as converse with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleasure of a pious soul: without it we are no Christians; and he that practises it most, is the best follower of Christ: for our Lord spent much time in converse with his heavenly Father. This is the balm that eases the most raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conscience comes to the mercy-seat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the spirit, broken with sorrows, and almost fainting to death, draws near to the almighty Physician, and is healed and refreshed.

THE mercy-seat in heaven is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth; this is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptations and hardships, in the way to the promised land. "It is good to draw near to God."

THE Creator is to be first loved for his own sake, for his infinite goodness and perfection; and then the creature, as his work, and in proportion to its resemblance to him.

HE that thinks twice before he speaks once, will speak twice the better for it.

WHEN in thy sacred presence, Lord ! I bow,
 Let true devotion in my bosom glow;
 There, with the sense of thy great goodness fraught,
 May I with care correct each wand'ring thought;
 Drink at my ears the Preacher's heav'nly lore,
 And still the more I hear, improve the more;
 Make this short life an earnest of the next,
 And all my acts a comment on thy text.

On the VANITY of RICHES.

SEEST thou, fond youth, yon precipice on high,
 Rob'd by the clouds, and turban'd by the sky,
 How low'ring darkly o'er the shadow'd plains,
 It strikes wild terror thro' the gazing swains?
 Its craggy sides can boast no fertile soil,
 No promis'd harvest tempts a rural toil;
 No grazing cattle find their pasture there,
 Nor fragrant flowers perfume the ambient air;
 No sweet-meand'ring current glides along,
 Courting the meadows with its murm'ring song;
 No shady bow'rs adorn its barren sides,
 Nor fair enclosure its rough ground divides;
 No lofty spires a wond'ring glance invite,
 Nor artful gardens tempt the distant sight.
 All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
 And strikes the wond'ring eye with awful dread.
 From its high top impetuous torrents flow,
 Form'd by dissolving tracts of native snow;
 Sorrow sits brooding on its furrow'd face,
 And desolation triumphs o'er the place.

Seest

Seest thou all this, fond mortal ? Think, if so,
 Thou seest the blifs the vain ambitious know.
 Such are the barren pleasures they enjoy,
 For this alone whole ages they employ.
 They move our pity, tho' they tempt our fight,
 High above all, but wretched by their height.

THE Prince of peace — He first reconciled God to man, and then endeavoured to reconcile men to each other. When he came into the world, he, by his angels, proclaimed peace; and when he left the world, he bequeathed the same as his legacy: “ Peace I leave with you,” &c.

THE merciful man will extend his hand of relief and comfort, as far as he may, to his fellow-creatures, whether they labour under temporal or spiritual distress, whether they call for his pity from their sins or from their sorrows; while, in every relation of life, he will exercise this heavenly temper; as a magistrate, gentle and humane, however compelled, in certain cases, to be severely just; as a creditor, mild and forbearing, not flying hastily and rigorously to the utmost extremity, much less condemning the unhappy debtor to imprisonment, which may utterly incapacitate from all power and hope of payment; and in short, in every case exercising that lenity, mildness, forgiveness, and mercy, whereof the eternal God hath set us so bright an example; and all our expectation of which from him, he hath made to depend on our shewing the same to others: “ Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”

————— YE good distress'd,
 Ye noble few ! — who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more ;
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded spring encircle all.

ON the NATIVITY of CHRIST.

AWAKE from silence every voice,
 Each cheerful pipe and sounding string;
 Let ev'ry grateful heart rejoice,
 And ev'ry tongue in rapture sing.
 On this distinguish'd day of grace
 Th' Eternal Prince of Glory came,
 To purge the guilt of human race,
 And save them by his pow'rful name.
 Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
 Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
 Be still, ye rude imperious winds,
 Throughout the wide terrestrial ball.
 Let nought but harmony and love
 O'er all th' expanded surface reign,
 And let the sacred choir above
 Approve, and join the Heav'nly strain.
 When we in bondage were exil'd,
 And rebels to th' eternal God,
 Our souls, with blackest guilt defil'd,
 Obnoxious to th' impending rod;
 That from his seat of perfect bliss
 The Son of Glory should descend,
 To offer man the terms of peace,
 And his unbounded grace extend.
 Such goodness, such stupendous grace!
 Nor men, nor angels can explore;
 Then let us, what we cannot trace,
 With awful reverence adore.
 Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
 All ye that graze the verdant plain;
 Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
 And ye that skim the surging main,
 Some signs of exultation show,
 While grateful minds your voices raise,
 'Tis all that mortals can below,
 To hail the day in songs of praise.
 While skilful hands the chorus join,
 And tune the rapture-raising lyre,

While

While grateful strains of love divine,
 Serene, extatic joys inspire.
 Thus sacred be the happy day,
 While sun, and moon, and stars endure;
 Till nature feels her last decay,
 And time itself shall be no more.

LET us entertain a general good opinion of all men, till unquestionable evidence shall oblige us to give up that good opinion; yet, at the same time, let us be cautious not to suffer our good opinion to betray us into any improper compliances or connexions.

SELL not your hopes of heavenly treasures, nor any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any of the advantages of the present life: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

TO piety join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit.

PROVIDENCE never intended, that any state here should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the highest departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet, within that circle, lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true.

WE have seen, that inordinate passions are the great disturbers of life; and that, unless we possess a good conscience, and a well-governed mind, discontent will
 blast

blast every enjoyment, and the highest prosperity will prove only disguised misery. Fix then this conclusion in your mind, that the destruction of your virtue, is the destruction of your peace. "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity, and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-wards." 2 Cor. i. 12.

Caution against PRIDE.

CONSIDER what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again; nor shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave; no, nor from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures: and as for your souls, they must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering circumstances. None of your vain distinctions in this life shall attend you to the judgment-seat. Keep this tribunal in view, and pride will wither, and hang down its head.

MONEY, like manure, does no good, till it is spread; there is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

BY love directed, and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffer'd, and afflictions sent,
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide;
To curb the insolence of prosp'rous pride;
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that blest clime, where pain shall be no more,
Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

HAPPY are they who preserve their innocence unsullied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.

"WHATSOEVER

“ WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.” There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct; and, whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness.

ENDEAVOUR to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party; that there are wise and worthy men among all the sects of Christians; and that to his own master, every one must stand or fall.

VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature.

BEAUTY and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

The FIRE-SIDE.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance:
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs:

No

No noisy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

IV.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing, she left
That safe retreat, the ark:
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

V.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender, and the good,
A paradise below.

VI.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

VII.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

IX.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

XI.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heav'n!

XII.

We'll ask no long, protracted treat,
(Since winter-life is seldom sweet)
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread:

P

Quit

Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

XIV.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath :
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smoothe the bed of death !

SINCERITY is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it ; and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery ; of which the crafty man is always in danger.

✓ PLUTARCH has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies ; and mentions this in particular, “ that, by the reproaches cast upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.”

✓ LET us “ keep the heart with all diligence, seeing out of it are the issues of life.” Let us account our mind the most important province which is committed to our care ; and as we cannot rule events, study at least to rule ourselves.

IT is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas ! how little do they know the dangers which await them ?

✓ Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, are equal for the trying situations
which

which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! Destitute of the favour of God, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of Heaven.

THE cheerfulness of a well-regulated mind, springs from a good conscience, and the favour of heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reason. It makes a man happy in himself, and promotes the happiness of all around him. It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good dispositions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart.

LET no man rashly determine, that his unwillingness to be pleased, is a proof of understanding, unless his superiority appears from a less doubtful evidence; for though peevishness may sometimes boast its descent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of base extraction, the child of vanity and nursling of ignorance.

LET the virtuous remember, amidst all their sufferings, that though the heart of the good man may bleed, even to death, he will never feel a torment equal to the renderings of remorse.

PLATO being told, that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," says he, "if he had not some reason for it." This is

the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the sting out of reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, a good conscience.

JUDGE not of mankind in general from the conduct of a few individuals. There are persons capable of alleviating all our cares by a friendly participation, and of heightening every satisfaction by sharing them. Cultivate an acquaintance with the truly deserving, and the painful remembrance of ingratitude will soon be lost in the reciprocal endearments of sincere friendship.

DOST thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? Dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of divine perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eyes to the worlds that roll above thee: thou beholdest splendour, abundance, and beauty; is not he that produced them mighty? Thou considerest—is not he that formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest—is not he who gratifies thy senses, good? Can aught have limited his bounty, but his wisdom? or can any defects be therein discovered by thy sagacity?

RELIGION prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; it shews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

A CONTENTED mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

EVERY wise man will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

HOWEVER far some men may have gone in the science of impartiality, perhaps there is not one of them but would be surprized, if he could be shewn how much farther he might go.

THO'

THO' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot, the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lords the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each with contracting, fits him to the soil;
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
 Or seeks the den, where snow-tracts mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays the cleanly platter on the board.

EVERY station of life has duties, which are proper to it. Those who are determined, by choice, to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves, or beneficial to others.

NO one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry, which were denounced upon our first parent, and in him, to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or affluence may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

IT sometimes happens, that too close an attention to minute exactness, or a too rigorous examination of every thing

thing, by the standard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the understanding, and teaches the mind to discern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident, likewise, to men of vigorous imaginations, to please themselves too much with futurities, and to fret, because those expectations are disappointed, which should never have been formed.

KNOWLEDGE and genius are often enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of excellence, to which men, and the performances of men, cannot attain.

WE should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived.

LET no fond love of earth exact a sigh,
No doubt divert our steady steps aside,
Nor let us long to live, or dread to die,
Heav'n is our hope, and Providence our guide.

A Thought on Waking.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away :
Lo ! in yonder eastern skies,
Sol appears, and bids me rise :
Tells me, " life is on the wing,
And has no returning spring :
Death comes on with steady pace
And life's the only day of grace."
Shining preacher ! happy morning !
Let me take th' important warning ;
Rouse then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours ;
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our heart betray.)
Virtue, science, knowledge, truth,
Guide th' inquiries of my youth.

Wisdom,

Wisdom, and experience sage,
 Then shall sooth the cares of age;
 Those with time shall never die,
 Those will lead to joys on high;
 Those the path of life display,
 Shining with celestial day;
 Blissful path! with safety trod,
 As it leads the soul to God.

ON HAPPINESS.

LONG have I sought the wish of all,
 True happiness to find,
 Which some will wealth, some pleasure call,
 And some a virtuous mind.
 Sufficient wealth, to keep away
 Of want the doleful scene,
 And joy enough to gild the day,
 And make life's course serene.
 Virtue enough to ask my heart,
 Art thou secure within?
 Hast thou perform'd an honest part?
 Hast thou no private sin?
 This to perform, these things possess,
 Must raise a noble joy,
 Must constitute that happiness,
 Which nothing can destroy.

O! THOU, whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man, with fond effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
 With silent confidence and holy rest;
 From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
 Path, motive, guide, original and end.

IT was a common saying among the Heathens, that
 the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.
 The Christian owes a more general love.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

DEATH, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another, that is fair and large, lightsome, glorious and divinely entertaining.

THERE is nothing of greater importance to us, than to sift our thoughts, and examine all the dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

ALL the real pleasures and conveniences of life, lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind, to be always looking forward, and straining after those who have got the start of them in wealth and honour.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul, what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach; and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves, that we do not deserve them.

The RURAL SCENE.

SWEET contemplation to pursue,
Behold a rural scene in view,
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,
The spreading oak, the tow'ring pine;
The air, from noxious vapours free,
Whilst squirrels trip from tree to tree,
And the sweet songsters hover round,
Fruit, herbs, and flow'rs, enrich the ground,
And each their various fruits produce,
Some for delight, and some for use.

Behold,

Behold, O! youth, this scene, and see
 What nature's God hath given to thee,
 With wonder view his great designs,
 In which superior wisdom shines;
 Revere his name, admire his love,
 And raise thy thoughts to worlds above.

TO THE POOR.

THE Providence of Almighty God has placed you under difficult circumstances of life, and daily reads you a lesson in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be assured of for your comfort, that you are under God's constant and immediate care: And one advantage you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to Heaven is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your course thither, by those manifold incumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour hath said, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their cares are more, and their distractions greater; so that you have no reason to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and these are chiefly your temptations, and against these you must be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you consider things aright, you will find that your store-house is the most sure, your supply most certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and cloatheth the grass of the field; so that you may be much more assured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly-minded; always remembering, that he is the poorest man, who is poor in grace. Your Saviour had not where to lay his head; let his example serve to reconcile your low condition to you; and let your religious behaviour under it be the means to sanctify it.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity, and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning, we watch the rising of the sun,
 and

and see the day diversify the clouds, and open new prospects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we see the shades lengthen, and the light decline, till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs, different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies its appearance, as we move upon it; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and the valley invites with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

LET not the curious from your bosom steal
Secrets, where prudence ought to set her seal;
Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,
In other things, each man may see you thro'.

GOD of my soul! without thy strength'ning grace,
How weak, how poor, how blind, is human grace!
To sound thy praise, ten thousand worlds agree,
And nature lifts the grateful song to thee;
To thee, with awe, the brute creation bends,
When thunder bursts, or stormy rain descends;
Obedient to thy will, the rocks and trees
Now rest in snow, now bless the vernal breeze;
Yet man, presuming on his glimm'ring sense,
Rash man alone disclaims thy Providence;
The truths he dare not controvert, denies
And 'gainst conviction shuts his ears and eyes.

OUR follies, when display'd, ourselves affright,
Few are so bad, to bear the hideous sight;
Mankind in herds, thro' force of custom stray,
Mislead each other into error's way,
Pursue the road, forgetful of the end,
Sin by mistake, and without thought offend.

SHE who values not the virtue of modesty in her words
and dress, will not be thought to set much price upon it in
her actions.

IN case of temptation, it is a prudent caution to avoid the encounter, when we are conscious of weakness, or unable to withstand it.

MOST men are ready enough to reckon up the income of their estates, and compute how it will answer their several expenses ; but few employ their arithmetick to calculate the value of their life and time, or consider how they may be expended to the best advantage. In these the beggar has as large a revenue as the king, though they are justly accounted the more valuable treasure.

THE soul, agitated with passions, fares like a weak bird in a stormy day ; she is not able to make a straight flight, but is tossed from the track she would pursue, being lost and carried in the air at the pleasure of the winds. In this condition is the soul, till, by a constant meditation on God, and application to him, it has obtained a strong and vigorous faith to ballast and strengthen it, and enable it to maintain the straight and steady course of virtue.

STILL as thro' life's meandering paths I stray,
Lord ! be the sweet companion of my way :
A kind conductor to the blest abode
Of light, of life, of happiness and God.

RELIGION's sacred lamp alone
Unerring, points the way,
Where happiness forever shines
With unpolluted ray.

Written on a WATCH.

WERE but our minds, like this machine,
Unmov'd by passion, or by spleen,
And, true to nature's guardian pow'r,
Could mark, with goodness, ev'ry hour,
Then health and joy would follow too,
As laws of thought and motion do ;

Sweet

Sweet health to pass the moments o'er,
And joy when time shall be no more.

'TIS a contradiction to imagine, that reputation or praise is a suitable recompense for virtue; since it is a reward that nothing but vanity can make acceptable; it declares a man both foolish and vicious, that can be pleased and satisfied with it; and that his merit is only owing to his pride.

TRUE virtue, as it has no other aims than the service and honour of God, so the least and only recompense it aspires to, is his approbation and favour.

MY God! my all-sufficient good!
My portion and my choice;
In thee are all my hopes renew'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

GRANT me to live, and if I live, to find
The dear lov'd portion of a peaceful mind;
That health, that sweet content, that pleasing rest
Which God alone can give, as suits me best.

C H A R I T Y.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes;
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n,
And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.

THERE is no preservative from vice, equal to an habitual and constant intercourse with God: Neither does any thing equally alleviate distress, or heighten prosperity; in distress it sustains us with hope, and in prosperity it adds to every other enjoyment, the delight of gratitude.

IN true good nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others, and is therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

IT should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation, which would justly dishonour us if it should be reported to the world.

TO a benevolent disposition, every state of life will afford some opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and splendour are enabled to dispel the cloud of adversity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increase the felicity of all around them. Their example will animate virtue, and retard the progress of vice. And even indigence and obscurity, though without power to confer happiness, may at least prevent misery, and apprise those who are blinded by their passions, that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

O REPUTATION! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all thy owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spoiler, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.

Solomon's good Wife paraphrased. Proverbs, 31st Chapt.

THE wife, in whose soft, faithful bosom, dwells
The mingled warmth of love and virtue's flame,
As much in worth the ruby's price excels,
As greatest merits highest honours claim.
On her the partner of her breast relies,
In her can fullest confidence repose,
Can ev'n the pride and spoils of war despise,
For good, not ill, from all her conduct flows.

Q

The

The wool and flax employ her willing hands,
 And tho' domestick arts are most her care,
 Yet, as the merchant-ship from distant lands
 Brings precious freight, she brings her food from far.
 E'er light she forces sleep's soft bands to yield,
 And to her household gives refreshment due;
 With careful earnings purchases a field,
 And, still more wond'rous, plants a vineyard too.
 By daily use her arms their strength increase—
 Her merchandise is good, she gladly finds;
 And as by day her labours rarely cease,
 By night her candle unextinguish'd shines.
 Her lib'ral hand extends to all the poor,
 Bestowing alms as diff'rent wants require;
 Nor fears her household hardships may endure,
 For they in scarlet boast a rich attire.
 To clothe herself she weaves gay tapestry,
 Purple and silk the labour of her hand,
 With which bedeck'd, her husband sits on high,
 Distinguish'd 'midst the elders of the land.
 Fine linen also, by her art is made,
 And girdles offer'd to the merchant's choice,
 While she in strength and honour well array'd,
 Thro' times to come shall happily rejoice.
 The law of kindness in her heart presides,
 The words of wisdom from her lips distill,
 A meek discretion thro' her household guides,
 And duteous all their destin'd task fulfil,
 Her children, rising up with grateful voice,
 Pronounce her blest, as love or prudence sways,
 Her husband, conscious of his happy choice,
 With pleasure joins their voluntary praise.
 Tho' many wives, in this and ages past,
 Of virtuous conduct bright examples shine,
 Yet all to her, the first as well as last,
 The palm of female excellence resign.
 True as when spoke, remains the royal word,
 "That favour's transient, and all beauty vain;"
 But she who keeps his law, and fears the Lord,
 Shall the just tribute of applause obtain.

WHEN

WHEN we consider the different allotments of Providence to his creature man, in this state of existence, and compare the wants and sufferings of some, with the ease and affluence of others, we should be almost ready to conclude, that the preserving care of our Heavenly Father was not equally extended to all; though he has assured us in scripture, that he is no respecter of persons; but we must be very cautious of making such an inference; for as our great Creator sees not as we see, and has a view in all his dispensations to the ultimate good of his creatures, we ought rather to suppose, that the particular condition of every man, so far from being an impeachment of divine impartiality, is allotted him in perfect wisdom, in order to his happiness at last.

THE necessities of the poor may be intended as the most certain means of preserving their health, and keeping them moral, temperate, and humble, which are great virtues; while the superfluities of the rich, by subjecting them to many vices, may render the final account of their stewardship a matter of the greatest anxiety and distress of mind, to which no temporal suffering can be equivalent. Hence, if we consider present less grievous than future evil, it will appear, in this comparative view of the higher and lower ranks of men, that the difference is rather in favour of the latter, under all the pressures and mortifications of poverty.—Yet this is by no means to be used as an argument by the opulent, for withholding assistance and support from their fellow-creatures, in real want of them; for humanity, and the cardinal virtue, charity, call upon and require all, who are able, to succour and relieve such objects—to which may be added, that this is a duty particularly enjoined by our blessed Saviour, who has told us, as a forcible incitement to the practice of it, that such as give to the poor, lend to the Lord; which is telling us, in other words, that by this means treasure is to be laid up in Heaven.

SIMPLICITY, the inseparable companion both of genuine grace, and of real modesty, if it doth not always strike at first (of which it seldom fails) is sure,

however, when it does strike, to produce the deepest and most permanent impressions.

I N solitude I'll spend the day;
The sultry hour I'll pass away,
In calm retirement's seat;
Enraptur'd, snatch her peaceful joys,
While other court ambition's toys,
And study to be great.

THE BEGGAR.

" Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have led him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n shall bless your store.
These tatter'd rags my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my length of years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been a channel to a stream of tears.
Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from the road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.
Hard is the case of the infirm and poor,
There begging for a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial thrust me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.
Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold,
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am miserably poor and cold.
Heav'n sends afflictions—why should we repine?
Here happiness we ne'er were born to see,
Too soon, alas! your lot may be like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.
Was I to tell the source of every grief,
If soft compassion ever touch'd your breast,
Your hand could not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress.
A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn,

But

But ah ! oppression drove me from my cot,
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
 My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain, left her native home,
 Is now abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.
 My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
 With anguish felt the sore calamity,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world, and wretchedness, to me.
 Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have led him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh ! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store."

EVERY thing overdone, is liable to suspicion. Innocence, in women, wants not the aid of ostentation ; like integrity in men, it rests in its own consciousness.

AS cheerfulness is the most natural effect of real goodness, it is also its most powerful recommendation. Wisdom is never so attractive, as when she smiles.

SHE that cannot " weep with them that weep," as well as " rejoice with them that rejoice," is a stranger to one of the sweetest sources of enjoyment, no less than to one of the noblest lessons of Christianity. Those are the happiest dispositions, which are the best.

THERE is not any thing more contemptible, or more to be pitied, than that turn of mind, which, finding no entertainment in itself, none at home, none in books, none in rational conversation, nor in the intercourses of real friendship, nor in ingenious works of any kind, is continually seeking to stifle reflection in a tumult of pleasures, and to divert weariness in a crowd.

FEMALE modesty is often silent ; female decorum is never bold. Both forbid a young woman to lead the conversation ;

conversation ; and true religion dreads every thing that might look ostentatious. The most prudent course you can pursue is to associate, as much as possible, with those that from real principle love the shade.

IF thou wouldst bear thy neighbour's faults, cast thine eye upon thine own.

THE truly humble man, suffers quietly, and patiently, internal troubles ; and he is the man that makes great way in a little time, like one that fails before the wind.

PERFECTION does not consist in teaching the truth, but in doing it, because he is neither the greatest faint, nor the wisest man, that knows the truth most, but he that practises it.

WHEN a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good or gentle, that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD—On hearing a Passing Bell.

HARK, my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul.

'Tis gone—that's all we know, not where,
Or how the unbody'd soul does fare.

In that mysterious world none knows,

But God alone to whom it goes ;

To whom departed souls return

To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

Oh ! by what glimm'ring light we view,

The unknown world we're hast'ning to.

Swift flies the soul—perhaps 'tis gone

A thousand leagues beyond the sun ;

Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,

Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,

Tho'

Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd,
 Only this veil of flesh between,
 Perhaps they watch us, though unseen,
 Whilst we their loss lamenting say,
 They're out of hearing far away,
 Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
 Conceal'd in vehicles of air,
 And yet no notices they give,
 Nor tell us how or where they live.
 Tho' conscious, while with us below,
 How much themselves desir'd to know,
 As if bound up by solemn fate,
 To keep this secret of their state;
 To tell their joys or pains to none,
 That man might live by faith alone.
 Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
 Lock up his marvellous decrees;
 Why should I wish him to reveal
 What he thinks proper to conceal?
 It is enough that I believe
 Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive;
 And he that makes it all his care
 To serve God here, shall see him there.
 But oh! what worlds shall I survey,
 The moment that I leave this clay;
 How sudden the surprize—how new—
 Let it, my God! be happy too!

FROM the consideration of God, as he is in himself power, wisdom, goodness, beauty, and felicity itself, children must be often excited and stirred up to the desire of esteeming him, of praising him, of honouring him as he deserves, and of pleasing him in every thing. They must be made to understand, that this is the principal end for which we are sent into the world, namely, to esteem, honour, and praise God, without ceasing, by the continual desires and elevations of our hearts to him; and that, since this is the employment of angels, by being exercised in it, we become their companions in this world,

world, and even fellow-citizens of Heaven with them, by imitating those divine spirits.

SINCE both the imagination and the memory, are faculties which have the most strength, and most activity in children, it would be well to cultivate them from the very beginning, that we may communicate unto them as much knowledge of the things of their salvation, as is possible, and as they are capable of receiving.

SILENCE is necessary on many occasions, but you must always be sincere and courteous: You ought to retain some thoughts, but disguise none.

AND, from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,

O! never, never, turn away thine ear;

Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,

Ah! what were man, should Heav'n refuse to hear?
To others do (the law is not severe)

What to thyself thou wishest to be done;

Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,

And friends and native land; nor those alone,
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

TRUE dignity is his, whose tranquil mind

Virtue has rais'd above the things below,

Who ev'ry hope and fear to Heav'n resign'd,

Shrinks not, though adverse winds may keenly blow.

WE should be cautious and circumspect in all our ways, and watchful over ourselves, living in the fear of God all the day long, that we sin not against him.

LET us all endeavour to be spiritually minded, and set our affections on things above: subdue our passions, be peaceable and loving, meek, courteous, modest, teachable, and governable, not wise in our own conceit, nor wilful or stubborn.

WE

WE must be contented with our present condition, not murmuring or repining at it, or either ambitiously or covetously seeking one more high or plentiful; neither fretting and vexing our own souls, nor envying others; but leaving freely all things to God's disposal, and submitting cheerfully to his providence.

MAY we wisely improve every talent that God has given us; doing as much good as we can with every thing, both to ourselves and others. We must shun sloth and idleness, vain pastimes, and superfluous recreations, costly vanities, unprofitable studies, and employments.

IN the evening reason with thyself and say, How have I spent this day? Am I better than I was yesterday? Have I overcome any vice? and hath God's grace been effectual in me? if it has, then let my soul rejoice exceedingly, and ascribe to her Lord the glory of her good actions.

THE heart is the fountain, and our words are the streams; and if the fountain be muddy, the streams proceeding from it cannot be clear.

BE my ambition only to excel
In the blest art, "the art of living well:"
Who this attains, bids sin and sorrow cease,
With hope looks Heav'n-ward, and shall die in peace.

On a WATCH.

WHILE this gay toy attracts thy sight,

Thy reason let it warn;

And seize, my dear, that rapid time,

That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care

The blessing can restore;

And Heav'n requires a strict account

For ev'ry mispent hour.

Short

Short is our longest day of life,
 And soon its prospect ends,
 Yet on that day's uncertain date
 Eternity depends.
 Yet equal to our being's aim
 The space to virtue giv'n;
 And ev'ry minute, well improv'd,
 Secures an age in Heav'n.

YIELDING to immoral pleasures, corrupts the mind; living to animal and trifling ones, debases it; both, in their degree, disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adorning the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, and cultivating inward rectitude.

THE greatest honour you can pay to the author of your being, is by such a cheerful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.

THE scripture says, we are to forgive until seventy times seven; that is, perpetually, those who do repent: and those who do not repent, but persist in injuring us, we are to pray for, and be willing to do acts of charity and humanity to them, when need requires; and not to revenge, but much rather to desire their amendment, and by all reasonable means promote reconciliation.

ONE part, one little part, we dimly scan,
 Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream,
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.—
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise;
 Oh! then, renounce that impious, self-esteem,
 For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

GOOD.

GOOD-NATURE is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source.

The TEN COMMANDMENTS.

RENOUNCE all other gods, but only me,
And to no image bow thy heart or knee.
Take not the awful name of God in vain,
Nor e'er his holy sabbath day prophane.
Honour thy parents, and thou long shalt live,
Commit not murder, but all wrongs forgive.
From filthy lusts keep soul and body free,
Nor steal, tho' press'd by dire necessity.
Against thy neighbour, ne'er false witness bear,
Nor covet goods, in which thou hast no share.

From POPE's ESSAY ON MAN.

LO, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n;
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,
To be content 's his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

SO much have our common pursuits, which we plead as the means of supporting life, diverted men from the true ends for which they were sent into the world, that the judicious and pious in all ages, since the time of Solomon, have readily subscribed to this opinion, that
all

all of them are indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit." For we find there are some who spend their whole time in grammar and rhetorick, or in learning to speak well, without allowing themselves any leisure to study the more important concern of living well.

Others there are, who are so busy in finding out the riddles of a logical sphinx, that they examine all the trifles and impertinences of reason, to find out what reason is, and in the search thereof, oftentimes lose themselves and their reason too.

There are many, who, by arithmetick, learn to divide every thing into the most minute fractions, and yet do not know how to divide an halfpenny with a poor afflicted brother in the way of charity.

Many there are, who, by the help of geometry, can set limits to grounds, and separate them from one another; can measure cities and countries, and yet cannot attain to any rule whereby they are enabled to measure themselves.

The musician can bring different voices and tones into one harmony, and yet all the while may have nothing that is harmonious in his own mind; nothing, which, by reason of its perturbation, does not run counter to all musical measures.

The astronomer, whilst with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, and attentively views the motion of the stars, very frequently stumbles into the next ditch; and while he is foretelling things to come, loses those that are present; for though with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, yet his mind is too much darkened and defiled with the mire of this world, to think of a better.

The philosopher disputes gravely and accurately, of the nature of things, and yet, perhaps, is no wiser than a real child, as to the nature of himself, and the things of Heaven.

The physician takes care of the health of others, but as to the knowledge of the diseases of his own mind, may be as blind as a beetle; he diligently watches the variations

tions of his patient's pulse, but how to cure the evil dispositions and wrong tempers in himself, he knows and cares but little about them.

The historian has the Theban and Trojan wars at his fingers ends, but is almost wholly ignorant of a much higher concern, the proper knowledge of himself.

The lawyer, though he has spent whole years in the construction and exposition of human laws, for the government of others, is too often but little acquainted with that divine law which teaches and enjoins a strict government of actions.

The theologist, earnestly contends for, and disputes about faith, but too seldom thinks of charity; he speaks much of God, but to help his neighbour in time of need, has too little concern.

The merchant is very solicitous of gain from every port to which he can extend his trade, or in which he can obtain credit—yet seldom troubles his head in establishing a correspondence with that happy country, which offers the richest merchandize—that neither moth can corrupt, or thieves have power to steal.

The farmer, though daily exercised with much toil and fatigue, in breaking up and improving the most stubborn and rugged soils, with a view to a beneficial crop, yet how does he neglect, year after year, to break up and improve the barren soil of his own heart, which, without equal care and cultivation, will never produce that crop of good works, which makes truly rich, and adds no sorrow.

Arts and sciences do indeed weary the minds of men with continual labour, but yield them no true felicity.

It is religion only can regulate the heart—it causes it to melt in sympathy with distress, or to glow with pleasure at the happiness of another—it is that alone can harmonize the mind,

“Attuning all its passions into peace.”

The astronomer, if enlightened by it, must contemplate, with wonder and admiration, those luminaries
R which

which his eye so often gazes on with pleasure. The philosopher too, when the wonders of nature are opened to his view, with what adoration and gratitude must he look to that great source from whence they flow! And in all professions, how imperfect is man, unless illumined by the bright rays of religion, which, like the glorious luminary, the sun, will enlighten all our paths.

H Y M N.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

3.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy beauty shall my pains beguile—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

NO thought is beautiful, which is not just; and no thought can be just, which is not founded on truth.

WE are apt to fancy, that we shall be happy and satisfied, if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments;

enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new, inviting scenes and landscapes, lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

IF we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

AN AUTUMNAL REFLECTION.

In fading grandeur, lo! the trees
 Their tarnish'd honour shed;
 While every leaf-compelling breeze
 Lays their dim verdure dead.
 Ere while they shot a vig'rous length,
 Of flow'rs, and fruit, and green;
 Now, shorn of beauty and of strength,
 They stand a shatter'd scene!
 Ere long the genial breath of spring
 Shall all their charms renew;
 And flow'rs, and fruit, and foliage bring,
 All pleasing to the view!
 Thus round and round the seasons roll,
 In one harmonious course,
 And pour convictions on the soul
 With unremitting force.
 Not such is man's appointed fate—
 One spring alone he knows!
 One summer, one autumnal state,
 One winter's dead repose.
 Yet, not the dreary sleep of death,
 Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy,
 But man shall draw immortal breath
 In endless pain or joy.
 Important thought!—oh mortal! hear
 On what thy peace depends;
 The voice of truth invites thine ear,
 And this the voice she sends.
 "When virtue glows with youthful charms,
 How bright the vernal skies!

When virtue like the summer warms,
 What golden harvests rise?"
 When vices spring without controul,
 What bitter fruits appear!
 A wintry darkness wraps the soul
 And horrors close the year.
 Let youth to virtue's shrine repair,
 And men their tribute bring,
 Old age shall lose its load of care,
 And death shall lose its sting.
 Borne upwards on seraphick wing,
 Their happy souls shall soar,
 And there enjoy eternal spring,
 Nor fear a winter more.

T H E R E is nothing in nature unworthy of a wise man's regard, because the most inferior of all her productions, may, in some light or another, be made instrumental to his improvement.

T H E R E is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower garden, and a right discipline of the mind, that it appears difficult for a rightly thoughtful person, that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds, will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices, from the mind; where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixt, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed, which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominate in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

I F our common life is not a common course of humility, self-denial, renunciation of the world, poverty
 of

of spirit, and Heavenly affection, we do not live the lives of Christians.

WEAK and imperfect men, shall, notwithstanding their frailties and defects, be received, as having pleased God, if they have done their utmost to please him.

THE rewards of charity, piety, and humility, will be given to those whose lives have been a careful labour to exercise these virtues in as high a degree as they could.

VALUE no man but for his probity, and living up to the rules of piety and justice. If integrity does not make you prosperous, it will at least keep you from being miserable; for no man can be truly religious, that is not likewise conscientiously just and honest.

A SOUND faith is the best divinity; a good conscience the best law; and temperance the best physick.

A SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

TO die, is but to take a last farewell
Of life, and all its transitory cares;
To close our eyes, and shut out day for ever.
Thus much we know: And that this frail existence
Shall to its sister earth again return,
To pulverize, and be dissolv'd to nought.
To die (however awful seems the sound)
Is but to lay us peaceful down to rest,
Sink into sleep, and waken in eternity.

Whence then proceeds this coward fear of death,
These conscience-working pangs that plague us all,
And make us sink, e'en to the grave itself,
At the bare mention? Has not that Great Cause,
The eternal One, whose wisdom cannot err,
From the beginning of the earliest time,
Declar'd, that man and all his race should die?

'Tis the essential passport that must bring
(No matter when, or how, or soon, or late)

All nature to that never-ending state,
Which immortality alone can give.

The soul, then, as instructed from above,
Soon as it quits its lifeless, clay-cold corse,
Mounts on the borrow'd silver plumes of Heav'n,
Thro' chequ'ring clouds, and soars above the stars.

But, oh ! who dare inquire its fate decreed ?
For Heav'n that knowledge interdicts to man,
And stupifies the busy, wand'ring sense,
That may attempt this secret to explore.

GRANT I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day ;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies ;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

Extract from YOUNG'S LAST DAY.

HAVE angels sinn'd, and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare !
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind ;
None are supinely good : Thro' care and pain,
And various toils, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, crown'd with peace.

The

THE BELIEVER'S SUPPORT in the Faithfulness of GOD.

Jehovah Jireh, "The Lord will provide." Gen. xxii. 14.

I.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us "The Lord will provide."

II.

The birds without barn, or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His founts what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

III.

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, "The Lord will provide."

IV.

His call we obey, like Abr'ham of old;
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers "The Lord will provide."

V.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

VI.

He tells us we're weak, our hope is but vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

No

VII.

No strength of our own, no goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

VIII.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."



The

The following Original Verses are added
by Permission of the Authors.

S T A N Z A S to F A N C Y.

Written in the WEST-INDIES.

PART I.

DELUDER Fair! where art thou fled?
No more thou animat'st my breast;
Heavy and cold, and dull as lead,
Without thine aid I sink deprest.

Afflicted by this torpid clime,
The pow'rs which tun'd my song decay,
Condemn'd to perish ere their prime,
To lifeless lassitude a prey.

Thus the weak scion of the cōpse,
Which might have spread some shade around,
Baffles the cultor's care and hopes,
Transplanted to ungenial ground.

Yet still pour forth the sweets of song,
Round let aërial musick flow;
And thou, enchantress, sooth me long
With those delights thou can'st bestow.

But lead me not where Comus roves,
Whose liv'ry suits me not to wear:
Conduct me to sequester'd groves,
Where sorrow sheds the secret tear.

See

See the pale moon! the brilliant train,
Which on her silent course attends;
The soft breeze rustles o'er the cane,
The spiry cocoa's branch it bends;

It feathers o'er th' illumin'd wave,
Whose murm'ring surges beat the strand:
Lo, Fancy! here's thy fairy cave,
And here thy votarist I stand.

Come then—and come thou plaintive muse,
Ye purest pleasures of my heart!
These few blest moments let us use;
For, ah! too quickly must we part.

I'll wander with you for an hour,
Where'er it please you most to stray,
Awhile to steal from fortune's pow'r;
Forget the busy anxious day.

Now, seated on some lonely rock,
Whose base the troubled surge annoys,
The fleeting fleecy clouds we'll mock,
Comparing them to human joys:

For as they flit beneath the moon,
And catch the brightness of her rays,
And as they lose their beauties soon,
So pleasure kindles—so decays.

Thus, stor'd with thoughts, we'll range along;
We'll gaze along th' expansive deep;
While with the musick of our song,
We charm that dragon, CARE, to sleep.

And when we've clos'd the monster's eyes,
We'll part in hopes to meet again
At eve, when grateful breezes rise,
And Cynthia once more lights the plain.

PART II.

SURE these are not Elyfian bow'rs,
 In which my wearied footsteps roam;
 Nor is life's journey strew'd with flowers,
 Or ought of life man's wish'd-for home.

Delusive Fancy! flattering elf,
 Whose idle visions still betray:
 Go, trifler! leave me to myself,
 Nor steal my better thoughts away.

Shall man, beholding ev'ry hour
 The changes which his life attend,
 Submit his judgment to thy pow'r,
 Thou specious, but deceitful friend?

False artist! our fond hopes to raise,
 Thy pencil paints each object fair;
 And on thy prospects pleas'd we gaze,
 Finding no shades of mis'ry there.

But when we haste t'enjoy the scene,
 With which thou hast beguil'd our sight,
 Some clouds of sorrow intervene,
 And tinge it with the gloom of night.

For sure our happiest time in life
 Is mix'd with discontent and woe;
 Nor can a world of care and strife
 That bliss thou boastest of bestow.

Oh, cease then to disturb my fate
 With hopes which may deceitful prove;
 Nor let my soul anticipate
 The sweets of friendship and of love.

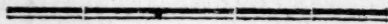
What tho' my breast with rapture beat,
 Expecting soon the joys of home!
 Thy raptures are too oft a cheat,
 And but embitter griefs to come.

And

And sorrow's darts fly fast around ;
 They strike so quick, and speed so sure,
 That thou but aggravat'st the wound,
 Which man can nor avoid—nor cure.

Then since thou can'st not guard the mind,
 Nor harden it to future pain,
 But ever hast deceiv'd mankind,
 With fairy dreams of phantoms vain,

Let REASON on my steps attend
 When in thy magic realms I tread,
 So thine illusions may befriend,
 And I no longer be misled.



A POETICAL REVERIE in LEE Church-Yard.

HERE rest a parent's and a brother's dust.
 Ye mournful but instructive themes of thought !
 I owe, at least, one sacred hour to you ;
 One pious tear ;—one tributary lay.
 Hence then each worldly care, each treach'rous hope,
 Each idle wish so often form'd in vain.
 And ere I bid these lovely haunts farewell,
 By the sweet sports of infancy endear'd,
 Still dearer from these humble mounds of earth ;
 Ere once again I cross th' Atlantic wave ; —
 Relax awhile your pris'ner's galling chain ;
 Let the mind wander where she loves to rove :
 Too much of life will yet remain your prey.
 O happy brother ! I could envy thee,
 But that religion, duty,—all arise
 And bid be still the moans of discontent.
 Let me then joy in thy felicity.
 Early thou went'st to rest,—of bliss secure,
 Ere yet the crystal stream of innocence,
 Which grac'd thy pious and thy moral mind,
 Imbib'd one stain from passion or from care.

Why

Why am not I at peace? Why is my soul
 With ills afflicted, which I cannot cure,
 And pining after good, I cannot reach?
 Why do I wander through this bustling scene,
 A stranger, and a pilgrim in the world;
 Doom'd, without avarice, to seek for wealth;
 Disgusted most, where others most delight?
 All this I leave to THEE, who justly mad'st
 This world; a world of trial, not of bliss.
 To THEE I leave it, who, with gracious hand,
 Corrective, but disposing me to bear;
 Hast led me through this giddy maze of things;
 Through various climes, and many vain pursuits,
 To shew me where alone the prospect clears,
 And all is cloudless, and eternal day.
 Let way-ward folly then no more suggest
 One thankless murmur at adversity:
 But rather let me bend, in gratitude,
 To him who sent this stern, but friendly guide;
 Thrice happy to have 'scap'd those gilded snares,
 Those fair illusions of prosperity,
 Which lure the soul to wander from her end.

Farewell, ye kindred ashes! rest in peace!
 I haste where other ties demand my thoughts,
 And duty, and affection, urge my course.
 To blend, at length, this kindred frame with yours;
 Near yours to have one little hillock rais'd,
 Cemented with the turf of native lawns,
 Is one of fancy's pictures,—perhaps as fond,
 And false as any yet her art hath drawn.
 But whether THUS? or this frail clay be doom'd
 Lifeless to float upon the briny wave,
 Or quick to moulder in the torrid zone,
 It matters not; since that Almighty hand
 Which fram'd it, can recal it back to life;
 Its dissipated atoms re-unite,
 And change its mortal to ethereal mould.
 O THEOU! with whom this wond'rous pow'r resides!
 Father!—or Son!—or Spirit!—all sublime!

So temper, so regenerate my soul,
 That this blest transmutation may be mine !
 Then shall I see thy mighty plan complete ;
 No more a wand'rer then,—no longer doom'd
 To sigh for knowledge, or for good, in vain ;
 Or say that HAPPINESS is but a DREAM.

• THE EVENING STAR. AN ODE.

1.

O VENUS! lovely ev'ning star!
 Diffusing precious light afar!
 How much superior is thy fame
 To her's, from whom thou tak'st thy name:
 She leadeth hapless man astray;
 Thou lightest wand'ers on their way.

2.

Her sable mantle, night had spread;
 The cloudy storms roll'd o'er my head,
 As wearied, pensive and alone,
 Through dreary wilds I journied on,
 Imploring for some kindly ray
 To light a wand'rer on his way.

3.

When soon with gladness and surprize
 I saw thee in the western skies;
 Cheering the dismal gloom of night
 With grateful and with friendly light,
 Perfect as all the glare of day
 To light the wand'rer on his way.

4.

Oh! thus when anxious cares infest,
 Or jarring passions rend my breast;
 And in tumultuous tempest roll,
 May *reason* dawn upon the soul,
 And with serene and sober ray
 Conduct a wand'rer on his way.

• Written after a journey in a dark stormy night in the West-indies.

In

5.

In ardent joys, —illusions bright,
 At fortune's or ambition's height,
 Their course let folly's minions run,
 Before the gaudy, dazzling sun;
 While the false glitter they display,
 Misleads the wand'ers in their way.

6.

To them their pleasures I resign;
 The *ev'ning* star of *reason* mine
 May this, and heav'nly hopes dispense,
 Their faithful beams to guide me hence,
 —And smooth that bed of kindred clay,
 Where ends the wand'rer's *earthly* way.

WRITTEN at HASTINGS, May 1789.

HOW aptly man's life is compar'd to the ocean,
 Now rising, now falling, but ever in motion!
 Thus exercise gentle prevents a stagnation,
 And enlivens the frame by a brisk circulation.

As wave follows wave, generations emerge.
 For a moment they glitten, then sink in the surge:
 O'er their hopes, and their fears, and their joys, and their
 woes,
 Thy deeps, O Eternity, awfully close!

When cares and perplexities harraßs the mind,
 A farther similitude still we may find:
 Though passions and wishes fret, bluster, and roar,
 What are they but waves idly lashing the shore?

To increase his own wealth, and encroach on his neighbour,
 See Av'rice employ his whole time, thoughts, and labour:
 Old Ocean thus toils his domain to extend,
 And when he succeeds, he succeeds to no end.

The

The Sea *versus* Land is a cause much contended,
 And is oft brought to trial, but never is ended;
 In spite of the plaintiff, his foaming, and pother,
 What he gains on the one hand, is lost on the other.

Long tost on the billows, I now seek the shore,
 With a bark too much shatter'd new coasts to explore;
 Let others strive riches and honours to seize,
 Be my honours content, and my riches be ease.

When the rays of the moon shine on Ocean serene,
 And tinge its smooth surface with azure and green,
 With the state of my mind may the emblem agree,
 Mild, placid, and cheerful, reflective and free!



F I N I S.